

THE FORTNIGHTLY

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BEYOND THE WAR

BY H. A. L. FISHER

THE second German War upon which we are now embarked has been launched, so far as Britain is concerned, with a singular unity of feeling and purpose. Everybody agrees that the Nazi Government of Germany is so evil alike in its methods and ideals and constitutes so great a danger to the general safety that it must be sharply resisted. Save for a handful of pacifists the whole country takes up the challenge. The Opposition Parties have been even more vehement than the Government in their eagerness to read the Nazis a lesson. The English idealists who can generally be expected to stand for peace on this occasion have thrown their whole weight into the opposite scale. So successfully have the Nazis converted the benevolence of an easy going and indulgent people into a fierce feeling of moral indignation.

With this feeling is mingled a deep and an unprecedented sense of humiliation. We know all about the stupidity of war. We vowed to ourselves on our last occasion of experiencing it that as far as possible we would endeavour to prevent the recurrence of this accursed thing. And here after an interval of twenty years the plague returns more formidable than ever and rendered still more humiliating by the grotesque and debasing measures which in all belligerent countries are taken against enemy aircraft. We ask ourselves whether we are not standing on the grave of European civilization; whether the fate which has overtaken Madrid and Warsaw is not also to submerge London and Paris, Munich and Berlin; whether war and the preparation for it are to become the main preoccupation of mankind, and all our values of culture and charity are to go by the board. Every mind is haunted by the same question. How can society be secured from a recurrence of these ruinous visitations? What lasting good, other than a

delivery from a present ill, can this fighting bring us? Though the war has not yet fully begun, public discussion already turns on the peace.

It is in these circumstances that Mr. Wells, who has long figured on the stage as the prophet of the World State, comes forward once more in the pages of the *FORTNIGHTLY* to expound his familiar doctrine and to invite us all to consider with him how otherwise to put down the folly of war. Let it be conceded that a free discussion conducted as Mr. Wells suggests on the philosophic plane and in the widest terms may give useful direction to the public mind and create an atmosphere in which the best men of all countries can at least attempt to breathe. But do not let us expect too much of it. The Treaty which will end this war, though it may be influenced by philosophers, will be made by statesmen and by statesmen acting under urgent and conflicting pressures. I fear that these hardened politicians are not likely to think the world state to be a practical or even a helpful suggestion. They will dispute the efficacy of the dose, and they will doubt whether the patient is ready to receive it. With the history of the United States in their minds they will know that even the best contrived federal union is not a certain prophylactic against war. Nor will they be hopeful that a constitution which cannot fail to confide to Asia the supreme direction of the world's affairs (in view of the vast preponderance of the Asiatic population) will meet with success in Berlin or in Washington. Mr. Wells, however, commands a wide audience in many lands. He is the most rousing and persuasive of popular writers, and if the shape of politics were not determined by human feelings he might go some distance in academic circles with his intellectual campaign.

One of Mr. Wells's excellent sayings is that only when we have succeeded in working out a common basis of ideas with our antagonists and allies shall we reach a position of equilibrium. I agree. That is the whole problem and the whole difficulty. How are we to reach this common basis of ideas? Mr. Wells's method is to throw into the arena the idea of the world state as the only solution which will not be futile and absurd. I doubt whether the world state will get him very far in his search for a common basis of ideas with Nazi Germany unless he is prepared

to concede as a preliminary a Nazified world. It is indeed difficult to conceive an idea more diametrically opposed to the Nazi way of thinking and more likely to affront Nazi prejudices. My fear would be that Mr. Wells's medicine will prove too repellent. It is a very strong mixture, a weaker mixture has more chance of being taken by the patient. I can imagine a Nazi, and though the Nazis are only a fraction of the German people, they are and are likely for some time to be a very dominant fraction, saying of Mr. Wells : " Does this admirable English novelist, who has given us so much enjoyment, really imagine that our Fatherland, the land of Siegfried and Barbarossa, of Luther and Fritz, of Bismarck and Hitler, is to be governed by a Council of Chinamen and Hindus ? " and on that ground rejecting much that is undoubtedly valuable in Mr. Wells's plea for larger political units and more scientific economic planning.

I confess that I am not disposed to propound an elaborate and detailed programme of war aims. What the heads of the French and British Governments have said upon that subject is for the moment sufficient for me. The war has only just begun and we can neither measure its duration nor foretell its course. Our Allies, the French, will claim to have a large say in the settlement. The War is fought on their frontier and they contribute at the moment by far the greater part of the land army. Our forces are operating under the command of a French General. Decidedly the French will wish to be consulted as to the future shape of Europe, a continent in the affairs of which they are more directly concerned than ourselves; and yet scheme after scheme is put out in this country, one more charming, attractive and ingenious than the other, but having all this common feature that they leave France out of account. Even that experienced publicist Sir Walter Layton, who makes many promising suggestions in a plan which he has published in the *News Chronicle* only considers France as a country whose Colonies are to pass under international control. The French do not like this kind of thing. For France will have her say and Germany too. I am content then to follow Lord Halifax :—

We are fighting in defence of freedom ; we are fighting for peace ; we are meeting a challenge to our own security and that of others ; we are

defending the rights of all nations to live their own lives. We are fighting against the substitution of brute force for law as the arbiter between nations, and against the violation of the sanctity of treaties and disregard for the pledged word.

As to the peace settlement I think it sufficient at present to say that we are determined to right the wrongs which have been inflicted upon their neighbours by the German Government, and to take whatever measures may be most effectual for the better organization of peace in Europe and in the world.

We cannot neglect history: for one of the troubles for Europeans is that they have developed to a very high degree the commemorative instinct. The Hindu does not trouble himself about the human past. Human life in his view is so poor and fleeting a thing as not to be worthy of commemoration, but the European commemorates his ancestors, and even the smallest nation lives largely in its past. When, therefore, we begin to consider how best we can attain a common basis of ideas among nations we cannot altogether discard the legacy of memories with which each one of us is equipped and which, do what we may, shapes our attitude towards the problems of life and affects that important part of our behaviour which is based on sentiment rather than on reason.

Now Europe in the course of a century has experienced two general wars and two general peace settlements. The struggle of the dynasts against Revolutionary and Napoleonic France was followed by a conservative and reactionary peace. The Bourbons were restored to France and to Spain. The Prussians were posted on the Rhine. The peninsula of Italy, which had tasted of liberty under Napoleon, was for the most part consigned to the keeping of Catholic and conservative Austria. The brief flame of Polish liberty was extinguished and central Europe passed under the control of the three autocratic monarchies of Russia, Prussia and Austria. This Treaty was not left undisturbed. There were little splutters in 1820, a more serious upheaval in 1830, a general conflagration in 1848. Yet the Treaty of Vienna must not for that reason be condemned; for it gave to Europe a much needed period of rest, enabled parliamentary institutions to be tried in France, and owing to the fortunate accident that the victorious powers had an alternative government ready for the French and friendly to

themselves, and that a moderate and statesmanlike Englishman presided over the settlement, was a peace singularly divested of vindictive retribution. Talleyrand and Wellington shared the same political outlook in the world. There was no ideological gulf between them.

Prussian militarism not Jacobin conquest was the enemy in the last general war. It follows that the Treaty of Versailles was as radical and democratic as the Treaty of Vienna was conservative and reactionary. The war had been won by the democracies in the West, by France, England, Italy and America. The military autocracies were crushed. The little suppressed national groups which had long chafed under alien governments were given autonomy. At Versailles Poland, Czechoslovakia, Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia received their charters of liberty. By this same much maligned settlement the Croatians and Roumanians of Transylvania were able to unite with their kinsmen across the Border. If self-determination be a wise principle, if it be good that men should be ruled by Governments of their own choosing then the political map drawn at Versailles, though far from being perfect, was the best map Europe has known.

It is the more important to lay stress upon this liberation of the Slavonic peoples as one of the dominant features of the Peace Treaty, because the present war has arisen out of Hitler's determination to reverse it by force. The very part of the Peace settlement which seemed to Western democracies to be the most definite improvement in the re-ordering of Europe has been that which has been most bitterly resented by the Germans. There must be no mistake here. There are many Germans who are anti-Nazi, who condemn the shameful persecution of the Jews, who wince under the abasing system of espionage, who lament the suppression of all liberty, and detest the brutality of the party bullies, but all believe in the *Führer's* foreign policy up to the point at which he made his pact with Stalin. Most warmly do they applaud his revision of the Eastern frontier. A united Germany supports the obliteration of the Poles.

In his search for Eastern conquest and expansion Hitler was prepared to close the Western account. In *Mein Kampf*, his early spiritual autobiography, he advocates friendship with

Britain and acquiesces in the loss of the German colonies. Alsace Lorraine, a troublesome province in any case, he was willing for the present to leave to France. But now that the war has actually come these Western questions are reopened and will be vehemently pressed. We can have little doubt but that the aim of Nazi Germany will be to pull down the French and British Empires. They will not succeed, but they will try.

Human institutions if they are to have any success must meet the needs of human nature. In 1919 no western statesman would have thought it compatible with the feelings then prevailing in Europe, and not in Europe only, to suggest the abolition of national sovereignty. The invasion of two small sovereign states had been the occasion for the war. The conviction that small states were as fully entitled to respect as their large and powerful neighbours was one of the cardinal principles on which the peace was framed. And the war so far from tending to promote a great and close aggregation of power had exactly the opposite effect. Small sovereign states were multiplied. The idea of a British Federation, which in the nineties was widely popular, receded into the background. We heard of it in 1917. In 1919 it was dead.

Within the limits of what was then possible the framers of the Covenant of the League gave the world an instrument which, had the will to peace been as general as was then assumed that it was likely to be, would have proved adequate to its task. The real cause for the present catastrophe is not the badness of the Covenant but the opposition of Germany: "the menacing empty chair of Germany", as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald called it, the chair so tardily filled, so precipitately abandoned, and the furious preparation for total war which ensued. That great virile population in the heart of Europe must always exercise a dominant influence on the continent. With the aid of the Germans the League could have kept Europe quiet. With Germany struggling to reverse the Treaty settlement the position of the League was inevitably precarious. The absence of America was a serious blow. The defection of Germany was fatal. The real lesson of recent events is that whatever form of constitution we devise for Europe no peace can be assured unless France, Britain and Germany can co-operate to maintain it.

There are some who think that the whole solution of the German question is the substitution for the unitary German state of some form of Federal union. Such a union, of course, would be no novelty in Germany, but a reversion to the conditions which prevailed before the age of Bismarck, and it may well be that in a *régime* of perfect liberty federalism, despite its cost, would fit the rich varieties of German life and temperament better than the present strict and cast-iron unity. It is not for us, however, to prescribe alterations in the internal constitution of the German Reich. The German people and the German people alone must settle the form of their own Government. That they should ever, save under dire compulsion, abandon the union which was made with blood and iron would surprise me.

One lesson which emerges from the war is that the new states created by the Peace Treaties were too small to maintain themselves in independence of one another. It is natural, therefore, to ask whether, in the event of another German reverse, the small powers of the Middle East and South-East could not be usefully grouped together into larger unions. Our thoughts turn to a possible Balkan Federation including Turkey and Greece, and to a Danubian Federation including Hungary, German Austria and Czechoslovakia, and perhaps to a Polish-Lithuanian Federation; but here again the dominant factor must always be the desire for union emanating from the peoples concerned. A forced union is no union. Unless these small states have been taught by experience that in their own interest they should come together no external force will produce the kind of union which is likely to endure. In fact what is wanted for the success of Federal Union here as elsewhere is in Mr. Wells's excellent phrase "a common basis of ideas". Is there at present such a common basis in the Balkans, in that society so poor in material wealth, and save among the Croats, so low in its general standard of education, and cherishing so many fierce dividing memories that only a long process of economic and educational progress reinforced by external danger would seem able to ensure a durable political combination? Not that we should at once despair of a Balkan Federation. The influence of Roberts College at Constantinople has been so far helpful, and

from it have come a number of public servants belonging to different Balkan states who have been brought up in the tradition of Western standards. Roberts College, however, is not enough. Only when it is supported by a first rate system of secondary education available for the very poor will there be a body of educated opinion strong enough to sustain so difficult a fabric as a Balkan Federation against the fierce localism which pervades this whole region and results from the long uneducative tyranny of the Turks.

The prospects of some kind of Federation in the Danube area are more promising. What has been a free trade area once may become a free trade area again. If the Habsburgs are unlikely to be recalled to Vienna, it is not so improbable that the states which formerly constituted the Habsburg Empire will some time or other unite in a fiscal union or a loose Federation. Such a federation, however much sacrifice of sentiment it may involve, is so much in the economic interest of the population of the Danubian basin, that unless common sense has taken final leave of the world, it ought to be one of the earliest features of the post-war reorganization of Europe.

It is premature to speculate on the future of Poland. This unhappy people, after a brief hour of liberty, has been partitioned between the Nazi and Soviet tyrants. No one is now in a position to affirm that one of the results of the present war will be the restoration of Polish liberty or if this be so to define the limits of the new Polish state. If, however, Poland should be revived, her future ability to maintain herself will depend on her consenting to enter into some kind of federal union with Lithuania. The feeling between these two peoples, whose union in the past synchronized with Poland's period of greatest military influence, is now unhappily very bitter. The Lithuanians have not forgiven the Polish seizure of Vilna. The Poles have not forgiven the Lithuanian claim to Memel. Perhaps in the magnitude of the disaster which has now overcome these two peoples the seed of better relations may be sown.

A partial extension of the federal principle on some such lines as these might pave the way to a wider measure of European federation. The idea of a federation of Europe has, indeed, been more than once ventilated in the past but never with

support from practical statesmen. One has only to ask oneself the question How is the Federal Council to be constituted, to realize the formidable character of the difficulties which would have to be surmounted. On any basis of population, and it would be difficult to find any other basis, Germany would have twice the weight, the Balkans nearly twice the weight, and Russia more than three times the weight of Britain. In all circumstances and at all times Britain would be in a minority in the body which decided the size of its army and navy, the direction of its foreign policy, its monetary and fiscal system. And if in a European federation the weight of this island would be slight, in a world wide federation it would be slighter still, even if it were possible to reckon the Indian vote as British.

These objections would certainly be grave. They would undoubtedly be pressed. Nevertheless a federation, in which Britain might enter as a member, even as a member in a permanent minority, would not be unthinkable if there were a real basis of common ideas between the different members of the Federation. Such a basis of common ideas exists now in the United States. It has not always existed. There was a time when a difference on Slavery provoked a civil war. It was then decided that unity could not survive in a nation half slave and half free. Nor, as that brilliant American journalist, Dorothy Thompson, has observed could it now survive if American society were inflamed by differences of political religion as fierce as those which divide the European Commonwealth. "One may ask oneself, if he wishes, how long it would be possible to hold the United States together if California were a Soviet Commonwealth, Pennsylvania a Fascist State, New England, a society based on racial unity and making most of its laws from this point, and New York a political democracy?" Miss Dorothy Thompson puts her finger on the important point. "Union depends upon the universal acceptance of certain rules and moral precepts."

It is common knowledge that there is in Europe at this moment no such universal acceptance of certain rules and moral precepts. The psychological and moral unity which alone could dispose nations like France and Britain to become members of a Federal European State is conspicuously wanting. Never

indeed has the opposition between national ideas been so sharp and absolute. If Mr. Wells could find acceptance in Russia and Germany for his table of the Rights of Man, if Germans and Englishmen could learn to use political terms in the same way, if, for instance, the German could be brought to consider war not as a good thing and the prime end of statesmanship, but as an abominable thing which statesmen should strive to avoid, then a great step towards some closer European union, some better international order could be taken.

(To be concluded)

WAR EFFORT AND RECONSTRUCTION

BY HUGH QUIGLEY

THE most disappointing feature of the war so far has been the lack of originality betrayed by both sides.

The conduct of the war has produced a number of surprises, mainly on the negative side, but one would have expected some daring experiments in the administration and control of the war effort itself. As far as Great Britain is concerned, we have apparently been content to adopt, without very much question, the organization for war production which came into being during the last war. Some modification has occurred, but certainly no real attempt has been made, either to understand the character of the present hostilities, or even to assess the war value of the different kinds of effort.

The war of 1914—1918 was, in the final analysis, an economic war. It began and ended in stalemate on the battlefield and produced no decisive results at sea. What is changed in this war, however, is the public appreciation of certain main issues, which, if they are known to those in charge of the national effort, have been deliberately withheld from the public, or at best understated.

The cause of the war was fundamentally economic, partly by the refusal of Germany to face up to the immense work of reconstruction caused by defeat in the last war, and partly by the deliberate efforts, of Great Britain and the United States particularly, to secure special markets for themselves and for their industries during a period of acute trade depression.

The conduct of the war must also be economic. This means that our survival chances, as a nation, depend more on our ability to maintain a normal volume of production and to increase rather than decrease our export trade, than on our power to maintain an immense army in the field. If this is the

case, and developments during the last four months appear to have moved in that direction, we shall require all our organizing and administrative ability to effect the transition from peace to war time conditions, without weakening our peace effort or misdirecting our war activity. There has been no war in which the danger of misdirection, owing to imperfect understanding of the situation, has been so great.

No single nation engaged in the war, and least of all Great Britain, can afford to squander human life with the same prodigality as in the last war. The public will simply not tolerate a repetition of Passchendaele and the Somme, where the bankruptcy of military judgment and the failure to organize the military machine properly so exhausted our human resources that we almost lost the war.

In this war, after a quarter of a century of a stationary birthrate with even a tendency towards decline, we cannot afford to lose any considerable part of our population, because we are moving towards the position of exhaustion of human resources similar to that which led to the decline and ultimately to the dissolution of the Roman Empire. I do not say that the condition is as serious as that which occurred in the second century of the Christian era, but the position has to be faced that, with a prospect of a steady decline in population, any sudden reduction in our productive resources must make it impossible for us either to finance a prolonged war effort or to meet the obligations imposed by the war after the advent of peace.

We did not begin this war with the munition shortage which characterized 1915—1916; we have sufficient liquid cash and credit resources to make good our immediate deficiencies by purchases abroad and industry may easily reach a stage where the volume of war material may be entirely in excess of what may be consumed during the present war. Munitions are among the most perishable of commodities; they cannot be carried on from one war to another because, as a result of concentration of scientific research on development work, they become almost immediately out of date or unsuitable for the equipment involved. The speed of obsolescence of aeroplanes is to be measured only by the capacity of manufacturing plants

to change over from existing to new models. One may have the position where, even under the most hotly contested war, the consumption of munitions may not at any time overtake the production, so that the war may end with an immense accumulation which has no capital value. If such an accumulation has been created as a result of the restriction of civilian effort, of decline in the cost of living and deterioration in the equipment of the machinery of our modern civilization then the war will have been lost, no matter what the state of discomfiture of the enemy may be.

In this war we are not engaged so much in destroying Hitlerism, as in upholding certain standards which have been the result of social and economic research and experiment since the conclusion of the last war. It would be intolerable if our great housing schemes, our town planning efforts, the reform of education, the planning and designing of new industrial areas, the construction of new and more beautiful centres of population, were to be rendered impossible in the future because we made no provision during the years of war for the maintenance of the industries and services, whose business it is to carry out those schemes. On the other hand, against an enemy intelligently led and extremely well advised on those higher tactics, some considerable sacrifice may be necessary, but such sacrifice must have something more than a purely temporary justification. It must be examined against a background of greater social advance after the conclusion of the war.

Democracy, as a method of government, is on the whole more wasteful of human labour than a dictatorship, wasteful in the sense that it is unable, through lack of organization, to make the fullest use of the labour supplies available to it. It is a moot point whether it is better to give a worker sufficient to keep him alive without actual employment, or to give him the same amount of money and keep him employed. There is only a short step between the form of national economy as practised by Hitler, where forced labour is widely employed, and unadulterated slave economy in the classical tradition, and it may be one of the merits of democracy that it does not lend itself to conditions verging on such a development. The price represented by unemployment may be well worth the escape from slavery.

That, of course, is at the moment a purely theoretical question and would only arise if the equipment of the modern state were so perfect and so well advanced that no great improvement could be expected from deliberate state action, based on the encouragement of employment. Such a position has not arisen and cannot possibly arise, because civilization does not exist in a vacuum ; a condition of its life is the power to adjust and grow like any other living mechanism, and a measure of its growth is the incompleteness of the national equipment resulting from it.

The exhaustion and destruction caused by a war in a sensitive and intricate modern state may be such as to threaten the very existence of a democracy and destroy the material and social basis of its civilization. When, therefore, one says that the major preoccupation of a State at war is economic reconstruction, one is merely saying that war is only incidental, and the result of the war must be fatal if the social and economic status of the country is so lowered as to be incapable of maintaining employment and actuating the machinery which conditions its existence.

The very planning of military effort on the actual battlefield is such as to produce, almost automatically, a condition of stalemate. The immense preparations which are being brought to a conclusion in France, covering defence in depth, are so complete and so complicated that even the leaders of small units would have some difficulty in fitting those units into a plan of campaign which, not based on fixed conditions, would entail highly elastic offensive activities. Any major change in position resulting from a successful offensive in depth, would entail with it such difficult and extensive adjustments that some considerable time would require to elapse before it could be completed ; and it is in fact a condition of modern warfare that it should be almost completely immobile. The power of defence has overtaken the power of offence, and a knowledge of military tactics, based on a study of the past, is less important to the army commander than a knowledge of the principles of management, a great part of it no different from that ruling in civil life.

If this is the case, then the complication and the difficulty

comes right back to our whole industrial system. The State has not only to fit its economic and industrial life into the requirements of the excessively complicated war machine, but it has to keep the machine continuously alive, and this does not mean so much control of the volume of output as of its incidence. The principle at issue is not so much the accumulation of stocks on the site, as an orderly succession of supplies and equipment to fit into an exact schedule, in much the same way as contractors make their contribution to the erection of a large building. The speed and quality of the erection depends on such an orderly succession.

Now, the leaders of the modern army, largely because they have no real acquaintance with the conditions of large-scale industrial production, have only, at best, a very sketchy idea of what their system means in terms of industrial effort, and what is more important, in terms of efficient industrial organization. It is a curious comment on the conduct of the war so far that this fact has not yet been appreciated by the Government. It has not yet seen fit to bring into active consultation those who are most familiar with the conduct and management of large industrial aggregations, and it has shown almost complete inability to make use of the personnel of industry which is expert in organization.

When, therefore, one characterizes the present war as being economic in its origin and in its effects, one must distinguish between the day-to-day and the long-term interpretations of economic effort. We shall defeat the enemy, not because we have superior industrial and economic resources, or even superior finance, but because we can apply better the principles of industrial organization which are necessary to the harnessing of our industrial equipment for the purposes of war, and success in doing so must come back to an exact knowledge of what we have available for the purpose. The productive capacity of an industry can generally be deduced from the production machinery actually installed in it, and from its previous volume of production, but no one knows, or has even studied with reasonable care, what its capabilities would be, granted more complete control of the operation of the machine on the one hand and more sensitive control of labour on the other.

During the first eight months, and perhaps during the first two years, of any war, the political and psychological influences improve the efficiency of the individual worker, but once war has set in, inefficiency increases beyond any hope of improvement, and only the very careful regulation of the machine itself can make good this deficiency. In this sense the interpretation of war effort as economic is tantamount to saying that the harnessing of our industrial effort is, on the whole, more important than the exchanges of hostilities between two sets of fortifications.

In the broader sense, however, the economic interpretation is really somewhat different. It may mean the possession of materials and commodities and finished articles in greater quantity than the enemy, but a more important interpretation is the capacity to maintain a supply of those materials and articles without interruption during all the fluctuations of a long protracted campaign. It means, not the power to concentrate the whole of our industrial production on the provision of such materials and articles for the armed forces, but the capacity to insulate the national industrial and economic system from the severe fluctuations and the exhausting demands imposed on it by the war. The country which will be able to maintain a very high volume of what is regarded as civil production, at the same time as it is maintaining the war machine at a high standard of efficiency, will almost certainly win the war; but the capacity to combine these two things is something which is far beyond the scope of any politician, or for that matter, the majority of our industrial leaders. It depends on a combination of planning technique with a profound appreciation of the immediate requirements of a modern industrial state during a period of peace. The restraint of imports and the imposition of rationing will not be together successful if they are not based on an exact appreciation of what is and what is not necessary to social welfare during a period of war strain. It is perfectly possible for a country with less resources than our own so to arrange them that it will be able to make superior use of them. The velocity of economic activity may be more important than its volume.

If this general proposition is true, then it means that the proportion of the national population available for the

immediate conduct of war operations must be much less than on any previous occasion. The effect of mechanization has not been to release for active service larger numbers of men, but to force back into industry men who normally might be in the trenches, no matter whether the place of industrial activity be Great Britain or some repair shop behind the lines in France. The consequence is that we are forced to conduct the war with a smaller number of men and employ them with much greater economy and with much greater skill. Mass attacks are not an example of military tactics but of stupidity.

The characteristic of the intelligent conduct of the war is the capacity to dispense with large numbers and yet obtain greater results in the quality and success either of offensive or defensive operations. In this the lesson of the last war has been well learned, as far as it is possible to judge from the very limited experience at present available.

If this is the case, then we must expect some similar development on the home front. Despite opinion to the contrary it is not necessarily a sign of weakness or of bad organization on the part of the Government that the volume of unemployment should show no signs of decrease. It may be better to have a considerable surplus of labour available during the early period of any war, provided that there is an intention to use this labour, not on producing munitions, but on meeting the demands of a population already excessively intent on war activity. If the requirements of the fighting services, owing to good industrial organization, are being met by the industrial machine, with, in addition, a surplus of unemployed labour, then criticism should not be brought to bear on the failure of the Government to absorb those workers but on its failure to maintain a sufficiently large section of normal peacetime industrial and economic effort to make those workers directly useful. Unemployment testifies to our inability to segregate useful civilian activity from essential war activity, the principle of segregation being the maximum concentration on both.

To carry out deflation of civilian effort on a scale adopted by the Government is tantamount to restricting to within very narrow limits the basis on which our war effort must be established, and such a restriction must, in time, cause a serious

undermining of that very effort. The national income on which the cost of any war must ultimately be founded must be kept as high as possible, if only to ensure that the burden of taxation will not be beyond our capacity, but such an income is not created so much by the industries producing war goods as by the industries and services which add to our economic wealth, and they are by no means the same thing. To impose rationing on coal, for example, and cause an increase in unemployment in the coal mining industry, which is what has occurred during the first four months of this war, is the worst kind of economic waste.

During the last war, rather more than 60% of the total industrial effort of the country was devoted to war purposes, and it was found impossible to increase that proportion without dangerously weakening the economic structure of the country. This effort was supplemented by an immense importation of munitions of war and equipment from the United States of America, financed mainly by loans, and this importation was, on the whole, equivalent to something like an additional 10% to 15% of our national production. In other words, the conduct of the war brought with it a demand on our resources not much short of three-fourths of our total national production.

During this war, when it is impossible, owing to the Neutrality and Johnston Acts, to raise any loans in the United States, and imports from that country must be financed either by gold or by credits resulting from exports, we almost certainly will not be able to supplement our own effort by an additional 10% to 15% as in 1914-1918, and if we are unable to do so, we have the terrible problem of diverting an even greater proportion of our labour force to war work and maintaining in existence a much more complicated national economic and social structure.

The Great Britain of 1940 is very different from the Great Britain of 1914, and the difference is partly measured by the immense industrial expansion in South-East England and partly by the increasing mechanization of agriculture. The standard of living is higher, and more complicated, in the sense that it requires a much more varied and intricate network of industries to satisfy it, and many of those industries have become absolutely essential to the maintenance of the civilian

population. Unless there is a drastic restriction in the whole of our standards and methods of life, the proportion of our national effort required for the maintenance of the civil population must of necessity be even higher than it was in 1914-1918.

How is this difficult and dangerous problem to be solved? At the present time it has not been seriously felt, owing to the fact that, as a nation, we are largely living on stocks—stocks of manufactured goods as well as of foodstuffs—but such stocks must approach exhaustion within a comparatively short period of time.

A further difficulty may be caused in an entirely opposite direction. If the state of siege warfare continues for a prolonged period, then there must be a crisis of accumulations resulting from the excessive production of instruments of war which may not be used. We may produce so many shells, so many aeroplanes, so many guns, so many army trucks and tanks, that we shall have difficulty even in storing them. That may appear a fantastic theory, but the production of aeroplanes, for example, is already very much in excess of destruction through war operations. The war may come to an end through negotiations, leaving us with not only a surplus of industrial and productive capacity devoted to war purposes, but also an immense surplus of war material. The problem confronting the new War Material Disposals Board will be infinitely more complex than that which confronted the similar Board at the end of the last war.

It cannot be too often emphasized that the principal strain on the industrial machine is not represented so much by the production of munitions as by the necessity, not only to maintain a very large proportion of the population in unproductive activity, but also to support a much higher standard of living in that population than it has had hitherto. An army of three million men is very much better fed and better clothed than three million unemployed civilians. It is quite possible to have a crisis of accumulations and at the same time a state of excessive strain on our industrial production.

The Government has consequently, through very careful planning and very exact budgetting, to economize to the maximum in the labour at its disposal. It does not achieve

any real economy by building new factories, which are in any case surplus to our normal industrial requirements, but through the proper use of the capacity in existing works, and the use of this capacity is something which can only be carried out efficiently by highly skilled experts in the art of management.

The last and most difficult problem is presented by the problem of economic reconstruction, which cannot be deferred until hostilities come to an end. Even a comparatively simple building or public work requires initial planning and preparation which may extend well over a year, and, in certain more complicated schemes, as long as three years.

If the war came to an end, for example, in 1941, the restriction of civilian effort to within 30% to 40% of our national production would continue almost unchanged for at least a year, and it might be followed by a short-lived industrial boom when the deficiencies caused by the war were being made good. At its best, however, the post-war situation would entail the unemployment of three to four million workers, and the existence of such a high volume of unemployment would almost certainly cause a disturbed situation verging on revolution. Only a well planned scheme of national economic reconstruction would serve to defer at least such a large volume of unemployment. It would not eliminate it entirely but it might reduce it to manageable proportions.

The planning, however, of any policy of reconstruction, as the war of 1914—1918 showed, cannot be carried out by a ministry appointed in the last fifteen months or so of the war. The Ministry of Reconstruction only worked out plans on paper after the conclusion of the war, and their application was spread over a period 1920 to 1939. They are, in effect, still being applied at certain points. American experience has also shown that public works expenditure would take fully three years to begin to have any effect on unemployment. It is necessary for the Government, if only to ensure a continuation of the present social system, without serious disturbance, to create now a Ministry of Reconstruction, whose business it is, not only to prepare plans, but to carry those plans forward to a point where they can be placed on contract.

If some determined policy is not adopted, aiming at the

immediate application of reconstruction on a national scale, then in the chaos resulting from the conclusion of hostilities we may run the danger of losing the very things for which we are supposed to be fighting. This war, more than any previous war in our history, has emphasized the necessity for exact industrial and economic planning, to apply not only to the period of hostilities, but after peace has been declared. It has shown that the great problems concerning the Government are not to be found on the battlefield at all, but in the study of human economy, exact control of our industrial productive equipment, the maintenance of as broad a civilian basis for the entire national activity as possible, and the avoidance of distortion and misapplication, not only of economic effort, but also of the difficult and intricate thinking which must precede the planning of our future.

LOOK TO THE END

BY HELEN SIMPSON

AT the beginning of September, after a sleeveless errand to a Government Department which shall be nameless, I found myself in company with two women of some reputation in the world of scholars and writers, whose reception by the said Department had been no more encouraging than mine. We knew each other well enough to talk shorthand, and in the course of a couple of hours conversation had discovered that our reactions to the world situation were pretty much the same; that our hopes for the future were by no means finally obscured; that we retained our belief in the power of the individual, more especially of the artist, to influence thought and through thought action; and that we proposed to start doing something about it there and then, despite

“The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes.”

Merit need not be patient so long as this country retains a free press and free speech; and as for the insolence of office, any creative intelligence is a fool that puts itself in the way of such obstructiveness. We perceived quite clearly that as individuals, with leave to cry our Ducdames all over England by means of the printing press and the living voice, we had more immediate and realizable powers in our hands there and then than any Government Department could afford to depute to us.

We set to work, during that week and the next, to draw up a memorandum showing forth the aims we were agreed to shoot at, using our three sets of wits as a prism by which to break up the life about us into its components and to guess at the elements that looked dangerous in it.

The first of these elements was fear. Human beings at this present time are fear-conditioned to a degree which would seem to put them almost beyond help. Constructive effort is

paralysed by the prospect of living unsatisfactorily and dying unsatisfied. Further, by a paradox observed and recorded long ago (in Luke ix. 24, for those who have the curiosity to investigate) this exaggerated fear of death seems to result directly from the fear of life, but tends to diminish as a strongly constructive hold on life is achieved.

Fear, then, was the first thing to tackle. We had not such data to work upon as the files of Mass-Observation no doubt afford. We could, and did, look at our own reactions to the prospect of death. We should miss life, we decided, and had the natural animal objection to being hurt. But we did not resent dying. Reason good : that all three of us were engaged in activities which suited our turn of mind. All three were creators of one sort or another, occupied to the full stretch of our powers on work which only incidentally was "gainful employment". If life represented a pound we were getting, say, nineteen shillings worth, and had no feeling that somebody somewhere had swindled us over the deal.

Returning from this excursion into the clearing of the particular we returned to the jungle of the general with some sort of notion that the way to dispossess fear was to encourage the imaginatively constructive side of the human mind as against the assimilative. There is a maker in all of us, as anyone knows who has watched the goings on at a good nursery school. There is also a dogged power to stow away dead facts in the hope that they will rise up into money one day. So they may, but at the cost of creativeness, the barrier against fear. Two of us, the educationalist and the political candidate, took due note of this.

We had reached our second point : against fear must be set a real value for life which must be such as to satisfy man's nature as a whole. No value for life is real that involves the denial of any part of human personality. There was some argument before that conclusion was reached, and it had to be amplified in point 3.

"We believe that absolute value cannot and must not be ascribed to any objective or authority within the framework of history. Any such ascription can only lead to an increasingly violent conflict of dialectical opposites."

That clears the ground. Anyone can think of a dozen historical instances to prove it. The one which comes to my mind is that of a not very remote ancestor who, during the Revolution in France, went all out for reason. Emotions were in the air like thunder, crackling and thumping and causing despondency and alarm; but a handful of revolutionaries really did try to direct this storm by the use of the power to put two and two together. They were not the men who installed fatuous goddesses of Reason here and there in churches. They were sincerely anxious that those Frenchmen who killed, or suffered, or voted should be actuated by a purpose which could be expressed in the form of a syllogism. Not all of these incorruptibles stayed the course, many being mown down by righteous enthusiasts who preferred to do their thinking with their solar plexus; but those who survived were the men who cheered when, ten years after the death of Louis XVI, the whole French nation went off on that most irrational of quests, the search for military glory. My ancestor, who after being President of the Revolutionary Convention, served Napoleon with genuine devotion, is reported to have said that while Reason might be regarded as the wife to whom one had obligations, no man should be condemned for taking a mistress now and then among the follies.

Beware of false absolutes; it came to that. And if any enquirer, walking in a world whose disguises are contrived to deceive even the elect, should ask how these false absolutes are to be known, it may help him to remember that a false absolute gives unconditioned validity to one side of man's nature at the expense of the whole; and to bear in mind the excellent advice of the Butcher in the *Hunting of the Snark*, who, while conceding the greatest possible latitude to all those concerned in the cooking of the Jubjub, urged them to have due regard to order :

"Still keeping one principal object in view,
To preserve its symmetrical shape."

The third statement carried us back to an aspect of the first. When dialectical opposites clash in the spheres of political or economic activity, war is inevitable, even though it may go directly against the will of the average man. He sees the cataclysm approaching, cannot trace his own part in it, despairs

of his own and his fellows' powers, and views himself as a helpless puppet in the grip of forces too big for him. He begins to think : I didn't want this. None of us wanted this. It is out of our control. A world in which such horrors are out of man's control is not a good place to be alive in. With that he loses the will to live and consciously sometimes, but more often without understanding in the least what he is at, begins to aim at death rather than life ; losing thereby the power to fight constructively against that which is destroying him. Between two terrors he seeks safety, as threatened animals do, in stillness, non-action. And the terrors overwhelm him.

What fixed point will afford this threatened creature the leverage he needs if he is to move his world of fear, and jolt the kaleidoscope to a less menacing pattern ? We are not to look for this point, we agreed, within the framework of history. Where then ? And what of the principle of relativity, which would seem to deny the possibility of discovering any such fixture at all ? This principle undoubtedly works and has been approved in physics. Should it not be extended to cover the whole range of man's activities ? And if it is so extended, can we not rely upon it to preserve man from making himself a lop-sided nuisance to his world ? Unfortunately, no ; since in such a case the principle of relativity itself becomes an absolute, on the one hand destroying man's hold on life by leaving him without direction, on the other forcing him to violent reaction in which, demanding some ultimate authority, he erects one of his own.

What we need, then, the symposium agreed, is an absolute reality outside time and the "drift of becoming" ; a reality which gives sanction for the value of the individual personality. The most convenient and familiar name for this absolute reality and ultimate authority, which gives both sanction and sanctity, is God.

If man ceases to fear ; if he knows himself to be worth something, *sub specie aeternitatis* ; if that value comes from his relationship to an unchanging authority ; if he is aware that his fellows share that relationship and therefore that value in the light of that same authority ; what will be the effect on him as a social animal ?

First, perhaps, a right balance between the individual and the community, and between one community and another. This country is at war, not for lack of the desire for peace, but because a generation ago a number of gentlemen round a green table, surveyed by their own approving images reflected in long mirrors and untroubled by voices from the future, made a treaty in which peace was regarded as something bought and paid for, to have and to hold. They were like those villagers who built a wall round the cuckoo, so that it should be spring all the year round in that place.

Peace obviously is not static. Peace is as much a question of balance, intrepidity, and anxious skill as the progress of a funambulist across Niagara on a rope. Nor is stability attained by standing still. Neither peace nor a stable world (save in the Augean sense) can be an end in itself. Both are by-products, the by-products of a right balance between communities, or between the individual and the community. And this balance is only to be attained by a ceaseless activity, a creative activity, directed to some real standard of value by individuals whose personalities are neither lop-sided nor stunted by pressure of the society in which they have to live, and for which they have a conscious responsibility.

From which it seemed to follow that political schemes which regard man in one of his aspects only—for instance as “the worker”—will not give the stability and satisfaction which is their avowed object. They see their human material in too few dimensions. An individual may be a worker; he is also a husband, possibly a father, a creature who eats, sleeps, smokes, idles, likes or dislikes the country, fills in coupons, and feels the need to be valuable or important to someone. He may choose to take out this last need in keeping a dog. But a dog does not afford the necessary link and relationship with fellow men; indeed it is more than likely to lead to such sentiments as: The more I see of mankind, the more I love my Airedale, which is lop-sided behaviour again. Man must be considered as a complete personality, capable of self-discipline in a self-disciplined community. Anyone requiring a modern instance here might do worse than look up those pages in Mr. Steinbeck’s *Grapes of Wrath* which deal with the conduct of a

Government camp for dispossessed men and women in California, and ponder a saying of one of the camp denizens to the effect that the more cops you have the more you want. But the aim of this discipline should go beyond the immediate problem of order to a fundamental; the fulfilment of man's whole nature in relation to absolute reality.

Having got this far in our discussion, inevitably the Utopias came up for consideration, and notably that scrap of Butlerian wish-fulfilment, the museum of the machines in Erewhon. There is always a tendency, when women are talking freely to each other, to deplore machines. Few of us understand or can keep our tempers with any form of machinery; we use cars and household gadgets roughly, impatiently, as we would never dream of using an animal; we are resentful of the machine's insensitiveness, which it combines with a malignant power to requite unimaginative handling by going wrong. This is understandable enough, since most of the primary female tasks are still best done by hand—cooking, sewing, caring for babies. Shops lure us with the label, hand-made. Moreover, the machines, taking away drudgery in certain matters, have left instead a leisure which has all the weight of boredom, save for those women who are equipped by education or an enquiring temperament to find their own uses for it.

The three who were talking this matter out very soon put away the notion of a hand-made world. It just will not do at this stage of development except—the qualification is important—as a means of having fun. It is delightful that my daughter should learn to bind books, and that she should make me Christmas presents of blotters and such; but I have my living to earn, and I should fare very poorly if Messrs. Heinemann were to take to binding copies of my novels by hand alone.

Machines are necessary and must stay. The past, on the other hand, is irrevocable and must go. There is no salvation in any scheme for life which ignores or will not face the facts of our changing world; the speeding up of communications and transport; the power to make and destroy which we have learned to draw from earth, sea, and air; the power to learn and to know. Nor is there salvation in any scheme for life which refuses the past as a foundation. Mankind is still a very few

generations away from the jungle. We cannot afford to throw away our acquired experience, and no authority derived from sacred books—Marx, Mrs. Eddy—is sufficient to enable us to dispense with it wholly.

Keeping one eye, then, on the perspective of history, while still rejecting history's right to condition their absolute values, the three women could view this present war as a calamity, but one not necessarily destructive of all civilized effort, all hope. Indeed there is at present in this country (Germany too, who knows?) a new and healthy outburst of hope which the war seems to have released. It is as though those of good will had been waiting for war to break down false standards and make room for constructive effort, seeing it as the surgeon's knife which may restore to the West its power to function creatively.

These groups, scattered all over England, are taking the long view. They refuse to accept the platform platitudes—final cataclysm, end of civilization and so on. They are trying, as the women in an old panelled room were trying, to discover what sort of a world they want when it is all over, and determining to work at that conception until, and after, they have brought it near to reality. Here and there a shadow from the mirrors of Versailles mouths destruction; for instance, "Germany must be dismembered." But for the most part this scattered yet strong thought is creative. Those who look forward take the lean seasons in their stride, refusing to build a wall round the cuckoo.

Very well. Let groups plan, let imaginations toil at the outline of their brave new world. What can individuals do?

They can use the platforms their vocations afford to make known the needs and suggest the future of such aspects of the community's life as they are competent to judge. Thus the educationalist of our trio, while agreeing in general that creative activity should be stimulated, offered to our memorandum this resolution :—

To endeavour to awaken the nation to the need for an entire overhaul of the aims and methods of education in this country. This is at present directed chiefly or wholly to the end of securing gainful employment; and is neither satisfactory in itself (*i.e.*, in producing wise and happy citizens) nor even successful in its avowed purpose, since it is powerless to check unemployment, and does not fit people for the useful employment of

leisure. The nation must be encouraged to take a wider view of the function of education, in better accordance with the needs of human nature and the duties of good citizenship, and to demand of its government that the necessary money for this better education shall be forthcoming. That is to say : education which fits the citizen for peace must be taken at least as seriously as those departments which arm him for war, and the necessary expenditure of thought and money must be cheerfully incurred.

The writer set up as her more particular job :

To explain to the people as well as I can what is happening, why it is happening, and how it concerns themselves ; to encourage them to form instructed opinions and act upon them.

To stimulate enjoyment in spiritual and mental exercise, and to correct the over-emphasis upon bodily comfort and conspicuous waste in the better-off sections of the population.

To emphasize the value of active individual thinking and feeling and to do away with the prevalent reliance on spoon-feeding and mental dope.

The political candidate undertook :

To emphasize that economics, though considered to-day as constituting the fundamental structure of society, was not always so considered, and need not in the future be so considered.

To awaken the nation to a livelier understanding of the importance of the creative arts in the life of the community, and to secure for these a national political recognition commensurate with their great actual and still greater potential influence.

This is by no means an unambitious programme. It must not be supposed that the authors of it believe themselves capable of achieving it without help. But they have faith in the individual's power to set change in motion ; they are painfully aware that destructive revolutions happen when the mass of people fail to shift their mental habits quickly enough ; they know that speed in effecting such change is now, for this country, a factor of safety ; they believe that the immediate task for all those who wish to hasten and guide the powers of change is to weaken the habits of mind which are most likely to resist it.

We cannot stop what is coming. We can only mould it. If we do not shape events they will shape themselves, as they have done in other countries. "And it shall come to pass that instead of a sweet smell there shall be stink ; and instead of a girdle a rent ; and burning instead of beauty."

THE END OF AN AGE?

BY THE VERY REV. W. R. INGE, D.D.

(Continued)

L'*Europe Tragique* (1934) by GONZAGUE DE REYNOLD, is another very able book, which arrives at conclusions not very unlike those of Drucker. The author however is a Catholic, and not entirely unfriendly to Fascism.

The nineteenth century ended with the outbreak of the Great War. As a form of civilization the modern world began at the Renaissance and Reformation, and ended in 1914. Liberalism and socialism, "*ces frères ennemis*", are dead, with their myths of prosperity, progress and the goodness of human nature. The masses are always "of yesterday or the day before". Ideas when received are already out of date. Liberalism, at first an ideal, became a mechanical system.

Since the date which began the new era, we may count three generations. The first, who fought, were murdered, mutilated, ousted from employment. They were bitter and went to extremes, some to communism, others to Fascism. The second, physically and mentally enfeebled, were hard, unsentimental, dissipated, unhappy. The third has ideas and aspirations, but only material. These are the new world. We see them everywhere, keen and ruthless, rushing about in coloured shirts, a mixture of soldier, chauffeur, sportsman, cinema actor. They have no scruples and no compunction; they wish to destroy the old world.

We are in a revolution, but near the end of it. Fascism, the new absolutism, may be the social and political form of the new age. As the French revolution ended in Napoleon, so the present revolution has thrown up a new Cæsarism, a counter-revolution.

Three currents cross and mix in the nineteenth century—

positivism and rationalism, the great scientific movement; romanticism; optimism.

Marx, one of those dangerous men who have only one idea, was a Jew with apocalyptic dreams of hatred and vengeance. "Half-intellectuals are always seduced by dialectic;" but the communists seldom read Marx himself. In any case, his catastrophic theory has taken its place among unfulfilled prophecies, and *Das Kapital* is "a dusty old book for the library of dead ideas". Syndicalism is more up to date than Marxism; Fascism owes much to Sorel, though it eschews his idea of class-war.

Liberalism is "the most agreeable form of government, but the most fragile". It seemed for a time to have realized the ideal of Vigny. *Le moins mauvais gouvernement est celui qui se montre le moins, que l'on sent le moins, et qui coûte le moins cher.* Liberalism was doomed from the moment when socialism entered politics. Democracy tried to mediate between them, but was itself devoured by *étatisme*, the omnipotent State. To save his essential liberties the individual is ready to sacrifice his political rights.

The National State is installed to put an end to disorder and to act by authority. To terminate the struggles of parties it will suppress, if necessary, the parties themselves; to stop parliamentary confusion, it will suppress, if necessary, the parliaments themselves.

And yet liberalism, democracy and socialism are the three corner-stones on which any new *régime* must be built. The forms may change, but the spirit of these great experiments must be retained.

It is not necessary to summarize what de Reynold says about Fascism and Nazism; he follows the same line as other writers on whom I have commented. But he points out that the middle-class in Germany have been proletarianized by the inflation, and that ninety per cent. of Germans are without property. The conditions seem to be favourable for a social revolution, if Hitler ever loses the unquestioning faith which the people are still willing to repose in him. If the Allies win the war, Germany may break up in civil war and revolution.

F. A. VOIGT's *Unto Cæsar* (1938) had an immediate success

which it well deserved. He makes several points to which other critics of the present situation had not called attention. One reason why Marxism is so entirely out of date is that in spite of his boasted adherence to scientific evolutionism, the mind of Marx was essentially apocalyptic. The victory of communism was to be a final consummation, to be brought about catastrophically. Hence his hatred of all social reformers, of all 'gradualism'. This fierce opposition to the social democrats led the Bolsheviks to help the parties of the Right to overthrow the Weimar republic. "The German communist party, the most powerful communist party outside Russia, by its combined arrogance and obsequiousness, its stupidity, its amorality, its crude violence, and the sectarian narrowness of its doctrine, brought annihilation upon itself and disaster upon its followers."

He also shows that Hitler was placed in power, not by the industrial magnates (a really absurd supposition) but by a revolt of the despised 'little man', the *petit bourgeois*, who had been armed in the Great War, and who made himself master of the greatest military power in the world. But Nietzsche, like Herbert Spencer, saw that socialism leads straight to tyranny. "It is the younger brother of almost obsolete despotism, having aspirations that are reactionary in the deepest sense, and striving for the downright destruction of the individual, who is regarded as an unjustified luxury of nature, to be improved so as to become a serviceable organ of the collectivity."

Without Sovietism there would have been no Nazism, though the Soviet is now Nazi. The technique of Nazism is far superior. The doctrinaire element in Bolshevism was its undoing; Nazism enthrones brutish instinct. Hitler is a man of the people, which neither Marx nor Lenin ever was; he also understands the power of the middle class, as they never did. Like Nietzsche, he despises the Germans as "a stupid herd of sheepishly docile people". "If the last German were to perish, the last pacifist would perish too." In one respect Marxian and National Socialist literature resemble each other. "There is not a trace of pity, magnanimity, forgiveness, or any generous feeling, not one word of respect for honour or for righteousness—not one

trace of toleration, not the slightest appreciation for a foe who might be brave, or even right in his own way”.

Voigt draws an interesting comparison between Hitler and Mussolini. The Italian ‘Duce’ is a modern *condottiere*, an opportunist of the Napoleonic type, and a man of genius. He is an unbeliever. But though Hitler is vastly inferior, we must not belittle his superb qualities as a demagogue and psychologist. For it was not a moribund constitution that he overthrew, but one which was efficiently governed by decree. He won his way by the free use of political assassination, in which he is an avowed believer. “The demoniac creature with the black hair and little black moustache seems like the incarnation of all that is sinister and terrible in man, of all that he has said about the Jew.”

The modern effort to establish universal peace is mainly an English effort. After the war it was a profoundly humanitarian revolt of the outraged conscience against war and hatred. The movement took unwise forms, such as the desire for ‘sanctions’, a method which might be used with deadly effect against ourselves. As for enforcing peace all over the world, we could do it only (if at all) by subordinating all our other interests to the one purpose of war. The idea is either disingenuous or quixotic. Nevertheless, Voigt thinks we must maintain powerful armaments against the risk of attack by Germany.

CHRISTOPHER DAWSON’S *Religion and the Modern State* (1935) and *Beyond Politics* (1939) represent the point of view of an enlightened Catholic who is also well known as a historian.

Is the new relation between society and the individual the inevitable result of mechanization? The old sense of stability has been destroyed, the new State is in search of a new faith. The real cause of the evils of industrialism was the spirit which sacrificed the individual to the economic process. In a sense, capitalism and communism are paths to the same goal, the mechanization of human life. But no social system can claim the whole of human life. Nationalism without God becomes a principle of hatred and destruction.

The Great War dealt a very heavy blow to idealism, optimism, and humanitarianism; it aroused dormant instincts of cruelty

and violence. Communism has failed, except (if it be an exception) in the antiquated and pre-industrial polity of Russia. Its partial success in Spain and Mexico illustrates the same fact ; quite contrary to the opinion of Marx, it has the best chance of victory in backward countries.

The strength of Fascism is in its appeal to the lower middle-class. Its chief progenitor was Sorel, though he hated the God-State, and preached the class-war. The resemblance is in Mussolini's syndicates and corporations. Russia is now under a pure State-capitalism, and the importance of the army increases. Since 1929 Roosevelt has been a kind of constitutionist dictator, and there is nothing inconceivable in a democratic totalitarianism which might be as tyrannical as Fascism.

Parliamentary democracy is possible only when parties are agreed upon essentials ; it belongs to the philosophy of liberalism, the great achievements of which no unprejudiced person can deny. " The real fault of the socialists is the principle of class-war ; of the Fascists their appeal to violence." The idea of the totalitarian state was advocated by Rousseau, and earlier by Hobbes. The new State resembles a religious or military Order. National feeling and class-interest, if deified, may demand human sacrifices far exceeding those of West Africa or Aztec Mexico.

The cult of nationalism had its origin not in established national States, but in Germany, Italy, and Poland. The revolution in Russia arose out of the ruins of autocracy ; Italy and Spain reverted from unassimilated and exotic liberalism to the Latin tradition of authority and order. In Germany there was a tradition of military discipline and submissiveness to the State. With us, popular government must mean something more than the abolition of privilege ; freedom must offer positive values, for an authoritarian government is probably more efficient than a democratic.

The last book that I shall comment on is *Ends and Means* by ALDOUS HUXLEY (1937).

Although there is an infinite diversity of opinion as to the means of social progress, the best men are really agreed as to the end which we ought to pursue. Disinterestedness is the ideal. The free man is the disinterested man. And this

supreme virtue has always been based on the belief in a spiritual reality underlying the phenomenal world and imparting to it whatever value or significance it possesses. The Gospel of Christ, for those who have understood Him best, has been a gospel of disinterestedness, and the same doctrine is found in India, in China, in the Stoics, and in Spinoza.

But instead of advancing towards this ideal goal, the peoples of the world are rapidly moving away from it. At no period has organized lying been practised so shamelessly, and the aim of the liars is the eradication of charitable feelings and decent behaviour. There has been a general retreat from monotheism to idolatry—the worship of some grotesque local divinity. Judged by the only acceptable criterion of progress, the world is in regression.

Political and economic reforms are not enough. They can bring about certain changes, but they are superficial. There must be a change in the individual will. Violence can achieve nothing except the results of violence—counter-violence, suspicion and resentment, and among the perpetrators a tendency to use more violence. A tradition of violence is formed; acts of violence are reckoned heroic and virtuous; recovery from such a condition is slow and arduous.

Since the Great War we have heard much of the necessity for “a planned society”, a phrase which the Fabians used in the last century. But the truth is that the planning is designed to transmute free countries into the likeness of the dictatorships, organized for slaughter and rapine. The defence of democracy against Fascism means the transformation of democracy into Fascism.

The British sea-power was tolerated on two unwritten conditions—first, that we should keep our land army too small to threaten any continental nation, and second, that we should open our ports to foreign trade. Now we have armed ourselves to the teeth, and closed our ports, just when we have become more vulnerable than ever before. “Greater folly could scarcely be imagined.”

In practice, a planned economy means not only friction with other Powers; it means our subjection to a vast, rapacious, and tenacious bureaucracy, probably much less competent than

private management. Every extension of planning activity takes the country another step towards dictatorship.

Porro, Quirites! Libertatem perdimus. Why are we in process of throwing away our most treasured possession? Huxley has a plain answer. "No country can be really well prepared for modern war unless it is governed by a tyrant, at the head of a highly trained and obedient bureaucracy. The extreme centralization of power is not only necessary if war is to be waged successfully; it is also a contributory cause of war. The State is made the instrument of an individual's manias of persecutions and grandeur."

There is thus one villain of the piece—War, mass murder organized in cold blood. It is war, and the preparations for war, which destroy liberty, stimulate senseless hatred, and fear which is unhappily not senseless; which impoverishes the world and impedes social reforms. It is war which endangers the very existence of civilization, and may not improbably plunge Europe into another dark age. "Every road towards a better state or society is blocked by war, by threats of war, by preparations for war."

The only remedy is in the growth of disinterestedness, of a super-personal consciousness "in which the subject-object relation no longer exists". This means mysticism, and Huxley accepts this conclusion without demur. The fruits of mysticism are toleration and charity. It rests on a theory of the ultimate nature of reality, a theory which is common to all the higher religions. There are absolute and eternal values, in which ultimate reality is knowable by us. To follow the good, to revere the true, to love the beautiful—this is the whole duty of man.

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There is much agreement in all these books, which have not been chosen because they represent any one school of thought. Their authors all agree that the end of the nineteenth century marks a real *fin de siècle, ipsa clausula saeculi*, as was said sixteen hundred years ago. Some of the shibboleths of the last century are dead and buried past recall. The myth of a law of inevitable progress, which inspired so much vigorous optimism in "the century of hope", has been proved to be quite untenable.

The superstition that the ballot-box is a Urim and Thummim for ascertaining the will of God survives only in America. It is becoming plain that the antagonism between classes was a product of the industrial revolution in its earlier stages, and need not be a permanent evil of human society. Communism and Syndicalism are out of date, and much also of Victorian Socialism, which now exists mainly as a justification for the pillage of minorities. Romanticism, especially in sex-relations, is discredited. These are not subversive changes. They are the result of historical developments which it is not difficult to understand. They are a natural reaction against one-sided movements in an era of rapid expansion and over-confident anticipations.

But need we throw out the child with the bath-water? In this country, at any rate, our liberties are much older than the so-called industrial revolution, as old, Wordsworth tells us, as Shakespeare and Milton. Militarism is the parent of Fascism, but I cannot think that we shall be permanently militarized. Tradition is very powerful, and in England it is not only the tradition of a ruling class.

If we could be delivered from the curse of militarism, there is no reason why life should be unusually difficult for the next generation. Our population will soon be stationary, with a slight tendency to decrease, a movement rendered necessary by the progress of labour-saving inventions. There has been a great stimulus to production, so that if international rivalries once more permit a free interchange of commodities, there need be no more serious poverty. We are told that there may soon be revolutionary changes in agriculture, which will enormously increase the available quantity of food. Bertrand Russell and Aldous Huxley both attach great importance to the American invention of "soilless farming", which may make England independent of imported food. I do not know whether practical farmers agree with these two distinguished men of letters. The experiment has not yet been tried on a large scale.

There will undoubtedly be great social changes after the war. The geese that laid the golden eggs and the ducks that laid the silver eggs will both have had their necks wrung. Since no government will dare to make large cuts in the "social services",

which fleece the classes who will soon lose nearly all that they have, we may see inflation and the repudiation of the national debt. In any case, there will be an end of the English upper class who are half ruined already. The country house with its park is one of the few beautiful things which we have to show to the visiting foreigner, and though few would wish to introduce a semi-feudal aristocracy into a country where it does not exist, some regret will be felt at the disappearance of an institution which has meant much in English history. This change, however, was inevitable even before the outbreak of the present war. In many parts of the country hundreds of picturesque black and white cottages, built for the labouring class, have been saved from destruction by being repaired and fitted up for impecunious gentlefolk, who live happily in these cramped quarters and do their own household work. The well-born lady is generally a much better cook than the workman's wife.

There has indeed been a great change in the upper and upper-middle classes in their attitude towards money. In the last century the rewards of what Mr. Tawney calls acquisitiveness were so great that there was every inducement to make and save money. The passion for augmenting private wealth gave a character to our civilization. The coarser vices, which interfere with industry and accumulation, were discouraged, but the standards of value were vulgarized, and departed widely from the ethics of the New Testament. The poor, even when they were not oppressed, were despised, and among the upper class the "marriage-market" was a very sordid affair.

The danger now is that it may no longer be worth while for an enterprising man of business to run risks and encounter endless worries, in the attempt to make money which will be promptly confiscated by the State. Large businesses will be languidly directed by salaried managers; but the indifference of the younger generation to money—they marry cheerfully on a bungalow and a baby-Austin—is a very remarkable change, which we ought not to regret. No doubt the knowledge of methods of birth control has something to do with it, and though the scare of 'depopulation' has been absurdly exaggerated, it is most undesirable that young couples belonging to our best stocks should resolve to have no children. The nation may also lose

heavily if there is no longer a class of men who, having private means, are able to devote themselves to research in science or scholarship. There is no nation in which so much first-class intellectual work has been done by men who have not been university professors. On the other hand, State-aided education throws open the possibility of intellectual eminence to many who in the last century were excluded from it. We need have no more mute inglorious Miltons, or potential Darwins condemned by poverty to a local reputation as collectors of beetles.

To sum up, I think that those who have diagnosed our period as the end of an age have mistaken an acute fever for a constitutional malady. Civilization has had a severe shake, which, it might have been supposed, would bring a tottering social order to the ground. If Marx and his disciples had been right, Western capitalism could not have survived the shock of the Great War. It staggered, but recovered its equilibrium except in countries where industrialism has never taken root. The Great War cost us ten thousand millions in unproductive expenditure, and a million lives ; but ten years after the armistice there was more money in the country, and a larger population, than in 1914. It is instructive to compare the diagnosis of our modern social physicians with the equally pessimistic predictions of our ablest publicists in the years between 1820 and 1850. These lugubrious estimates were continued till the very eve of the most remarkable outburst of prosperity that England has ever known. I certainly do not expect that the middle of this present century will see anything like the heyday of Victorian England ; the present year has destroyed any such hopes ; but the tendency to regard revolutions as permanent breaches in the continuity of civilization must be discounted. As for those who welcome such shocks as harbingers of a better social order, I think that the critics whose views I have summarized are right in saying that revolutionary programmes have been discredited by the course of events.

The abandonment of democracy on the greater part of the European continent is perhaps more significant than the economic crisis. In part, this is the necessary consequence of militarism ; but not entirely. Von Sybel prophesied long ago that universal suffrage would sound the death-knell of

parliamentary government. Democracy is the artificial equality of unequals ; and when 'the people' is not the nation, but the largest and least educated class, it is inevitable that party politics degenerate into competitive mass-bribery. There can be no consistency in foreign policy, which is blown hither and thither by gusts of popular sentiment, excited to frenzy by propaganda. Aristocrats like Wellington and Castlereagh, after the Napoleonic War, guided the country much more wisely and moderately than Lloyd George and his colleagues. Castlereagh wrote to the Prime Minister, Lord Liverpool, who was in favour of harsher measures against France : " It is not our business to collect trophies, but to bring back the world to peaceful habits. The more I reflect upon it, the more I deprecate this system of scratching such a Power (as France). We may hold her down and pare her nails so that many years shall pass away before she can again wound us. But this system of being pledged to a continental war for objects that France may one day reclaim from the particular States that hold them, without pushing her demands beyond what she would contend was due to her own honour is, I am sure, bad British policy." It is indeed very bad British policy.

All forms of government are bad, and we are perhaps not likely to give up democracy in favour of any obvious alternative. But the superstitious glamour which still surrounds the name in America has almost faded away with us. As Bernard Shaw says, a satisfactory anthropometric method in politics has yet to be discovered. Some check on the *arbitrium popularis auræ* is obviously desirable. To give the power of the purse to a class which pays no taxes can only lead to a reckless policy of plunder and extravagance. Nor can it be seriously contended that the kind of men who rise to power under a democracy are likely to be those who can be trusted to govern the country wisely. We have yet to experience the result of giving unchecked power to trade-union officials and blatant demagogues.

(Concluded)

STRATEGY BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

1.—THE LAND

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR CHARLES GWYNN

IT is still rash to forecast with confidence Germany's military policy for this year. If it were not for economic factors her position is so strong that she might well elect to remain on the defensive indefinitely, hoping to impose on the Allies the necessity of either taking the offensive under unfavourable conditions, or of agreeing to peace terms tantamount to defeat. She would still have ample reserves of force to carry out offensive operations against the Northern or Eastern countries over which she desires to exercise absolute control. She can be attacked only on the frontage between the Rhine and the Moselle unless the neutral States on either flank gave passage to the allied armies ; this, we must assume, they will never do unless they themselves are attacked by Germany. On such a narrow strongly defended front, and with the possibility of surprise excluded, the chances of an allied offensive proving decisively successful would be small. Even if the Siegfried position could be overrun there would still be the bulk of the German Army behind it. That in its simplest form is the purely military strategical situation ; but, of course, it is complicated by economic factors. Can Germany with her economic life undermined by the blockade remain on the defensive ? From the tone of the speeches of the Nazi leaders about Christmas time it would certainly seem that the economic pressure of the blockade is already acutely felt. But is it enough to force Germany to abandon her strong defensive position and to embark on an offensive policy which the growing strength of the Allies makes increasingly dangerous ? So long as she could have reasonable hopes of obtaining supplies from Russia and the Danubian countries, and could rely on the friendly co-

operation of Italy in the economic field, there were obviously strong arguments in favour of a defensive policy. If an offensive course had been chosen it would probably have been dictated more by the ingrained offensive instincts of the German General Staff and confidence in the quality of their army and air force than by cool calculation of the chances of success. In that event it seems probable that the German air force would have been used exclusively in furtherance of the action of the army, especially as there would then be little risk of exposing the civil population to air reprisals, and even in the case of failure it would still have been possible to continue the war defensively.

Has Russia's war in Finland affected the alternatives open to Germany? Obviously it must have greatly diminished the prospects of getting economic relief from Russia. It would seem to have stiffened the attitude of the Danubian States and rendered that of Italy less markedly friendly. The Scandinavian countries are whole-heartedly with Finland to the extent of giving her substantial help. Altogether as long as the Finnish war goes on Germany's economic outlook is not likely to improve so far as it depends on supplies obtained from neutrals. If that is so there is a greater probability of her being forced to adopt an offensive policy in the West. Will she, rather than follow so dangerous a course, try to improve her position by taking steps to bring the Finnish war to an end? If she could persuade Russia to accept a rebuff and to call off the Finnish war it would no doubt be to her best interests. Russia would at any rate then be in a better position to afford her supplies, and the neutral States would be conciliated. To pose as a peacemaker would be good propaganda. It is hardly conceivable that Stalin would agree to such a course unless Hitler offered a substantial inducement. But what can he offer? It is clear that Stalin looks for another solution and expects his partner to help him to crush the Finns. The mere threat of German assistance might achieve that object but it certainly would further antagonize the neutral States. It would be even less helpful to Germany if the Finns refused to yield to threats and she were forced to intervene actively. No doubt, without making any great effort, she could help Russia

to overrun Finland but would it bring a compensating reward or improve her economic position? It might embroil her with the Scandinavian Powers and though she might be able to spare sufficient forces to overcome resistance, it would mean the loss of material she receives from them as neutrals for a time. I confess I find it hard to believe that Germany, though she may use threats, will actually resort to force either against Finland or the Scandinavian countries with a view to getting economic relief. An attack on Rumania in order to get complete control of her products is perhaps less improbable. That, however, might lead to serious entanglements in view of the somewhat changed attitude of Rumania's neighbours.

The conclusion I draw in the present involved situation is that unless Germany can successfully mediate between Finland and Russia she will be compelled for economic reasons to abandon hope of fighting a defensive war in the west, and must accept the risk of taking an offensive initiative. Whether she will consider the chances of achieving victory with her army less good now that the strength of the Allies has so greatly increased, and will in consequence turn to the idea of unrestricted air warfare, seems open to question. In the latter case she might employ her army mainly with the object of making air attack on Britain more effective. That is to say she might use it to secure possession of Holland and Belgium without risking an attack on the Maginot Line. Thereby she might also hope to draw large forces of the Allies out of their fortified positions in order to support the Dutch and Belgian Armies. No doubt she would prefer that to meeting them on ground of their own selection.

I do not believe that it will be long before we know what Germany means to do, for though she might like to wait to see the outcome of the war in Finland there is the growing strength of the Allies to consider. Hitler will continue to threaten the smaller neutrals, but that to the Low Countries is, I think, the only threat likely to be carried into effect in the present stage of the war.

Finland's series of victories has been so remarkable that there is perhaps a tendency to attribute them to the inefficiency of the Russians more than to the tactical genius of the Finns and the

generalship shown by their leaders. The power of modern weapons admittedly favours defence and the temptation to rely on defensive action is great, particularly to the numerically weaker side. The Finns have, however, shown the truth of the doctrine, so well illustrated by Stonewall Jackson, that numerical inferiority is no bar to offensive tactics. In extreme cases, such as in guerilla warfare, success of the weaker side depends entirely on looking for and seizing opportunities for attack. I have little doubt that the Finns' use of the offensive is largely due to Mannerheim's teaching and example however much they may have a natural instinct in that direction. Like all good fighters the Finns have shown that they can stand stubbornly on the defensive when, as in the Karelian Isthmus, the situation demands it. There they have apparently earned a well deserved respite and the Russian failures must have resulted in desperately heavy casualties.

Immediately north of Lake Ladoga in spite of Finnish victories the Russians appear to persist in attacks, presumably in the hopes of eventually turning the Mannerheim position. So far they have had little success and the Finns continue to strike back. It is, however, I think, a theatre of vital importance as affecting the main Finnish army's position, and it offers the Russians several roads to facilitate their movements. Further north the Finnish victory in the Suomussalmi neighbourhood was of a decisive character—pressure in that direction is not likely to be renewed for some time though the Russians have apparently a branch railway to Uhtua which might assist them eventually to concentrate a fresh force.

Between Salla and Kemijarvi the situation is more critical. The distance to the Murmansk railway is short and there is a serviceable road to Kemijarvi. At one time the Finns, having driven back the first Russian thrust, threatened to surround it and cut its communications. The Russians, however, brought up a fresh division and advanced again. The Finns evidently have not given up hopes of effecting another coup but presumably they have an advanced base at the Kemijarvi railhead and its capture would be serious. The railway without rolling stock would not be of much assistance to the Russians. More serious, however, would be the threat to Rovaniemi

where the Arctic road to Petsamo starts. Rovaniemi is evidently the base both for the Finns' Salla force and for their troops at Petsamo. It must be the first chief Russian objective and their Petsamo force appears to have started on a new drive south towards it, presumably hoping to co-operate with the force from Salla. There are in fact more indications of generalship in these Russian moves than is apparent elsewhere. Any check, however, to either of the Russian columns would have serious consequences for them owing to their long lines of communication subject to harassing action and possible interruption by weather conditions.

II.—THE SEA

BY ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT RICHMOND

“DO not be deceived into imagining that Time is working for us. Time is neutral and will be on the side of the strongest. We must annex it.”

M. Reynaud spoke those words opportunely. There has been too much complacent acceptance of the belief that Time works for the Allies. Time is, as he said, neutral : but it is also unforgiving to those who misuse or lose it. Lost time can rarely be recovered in war for it means lost opportunity which never recurs. To allow ourselves to sit still in the comfortable belief that we are cutting off some 45 per cent. of the 63 million pounds' worth of Germany's foreign trade, and to wait, like a terrier outside a rat's hole, for an inevitable surrender in the course of time is a grievous error.

We do well to cast our eyes upon the book of experience. In many of our past great wars we have isolated, or partially isolated, our enemy by sea. But it has not been that isolation alone which brought eventual victory. It has been the fact that the enemy was deeply engaged in military operations on the continent, and it was the continuation of the burdensome cost of his military campaigns and the impossibility of replenishing his military resources that made sea-power so effective as an instrument.

There are, in fact, three great elements in a struggle of the character of that in which we are now engaged : the protection of our existing trade and that of our allies ; the destruction of the oceanic trade of the enemy ; and the extension of our own export trade.

If we look at the Napoleonic wars we see that, though France, after Trafalgar, was largely cut off from the sea, and after 1808 Napoleon's hopes at Tilsit of building up a great continental Navy, were dissipated, French exports actually increased with the Continental Powers. By every means French goods were pushed into the European markets : while at the same time the

British ministers, recognizing the financial dangers to this country, used every possible means, from smuggling to oversea expeditions, to find and develop new markets for British goods without which it would have been impossible to continue the struggle.

That struggle was, in its final essence, one of endurance, a contest of staying power, begun by France "without a single reliable ally in Europe to support us, in a Europe, moreover, that had been terrified and disgusted by our extortions and encroachments which left no interests unchallenged."* The resemblance to the Germany of to-day, hated and feared by all, without a single reliable ally, is notable : but no less notable is the fact that Napoleon was able to hold out against the British sea-power from 1805-1812 ; that Britain herself suffered an industrial crisis, with unemployment and threats of revolution ; and that she owed her own safety, and Europe its liberation, largely to the two grand errors of Napoleon—the Peninsular war and the attempt to force Russia into the continental system, which ruined her merchants and led directly to the disaster of 1812.

Staying power has played its part in many ways in our wars. Fear that the burden was becoming too great has, on more than one occasion, hastened the country into a premature peace. The Lord Sandwich of 1748 warned Anson that though expense was being urged as a reason for making peace, where had the same reasoning left the country at the end of Queen Anne's war ? Had not the premature peace been the cause of all the subsequent wars of the century ? It was better to hold on in the race between a financial crash in England and a social upheaval in France resulting from hunger and commercial distress. Time, in other words, was neutral. If we wish it to incline its favours to ourselves we must increase our own staying power by expansion in our export trade and decrease that of the enemy by making his trading with those nations which are untouched by sea power as difficult as possible.

What the coming months have in store for us at sea can only be a matter of guesswork. The River Plate battle removed a threat, and the action taken in neutral countries against German supply ships and at sea has made Germany's cruiser

*Napoleon and Talleyrand, by Emile Dard, p. 60.

warfare increasingly difficult. We cannot, however, suppose that further attempts will not be made at oceanic sporadic warfare either by means of men-of-war or armed vessels. Though she possessed no base abroad, during the war of 1914-1918, armed merchant ships like the *Möwe* and *Wolf* were able to make long cruises in the Atlantic and Indian oceans ; but the injury they did was slight ; and to-day, with the improved measures of convoy and the intense hostility which Germany has aroused in many nations by her policy and conduct, it will be more difficult both to make successful attacks on shipping and to obtain the necessary supplies from neutral sources.

We do well to expect a renewal of the submarine campaign which has unquestionably lulled owing to the heavy losses sustained. New craft will be coming into service, manned by new crews. There is no reason to suppose they will do better than their predecessors. To what shifts Germany is now reduced in order to keep up the spirits of her people, is shown, perhaps, by her latest essay in frightfulness, wherein, in order to regain their confidence she has sent her airmen to attack fishing vessels and even lightships in the North Sea, garnishing her reports of their action with accounts of engagements with British auxiliary and outpost ships. We are reminded in this description of the trawlers whom she has bombed and machine gunned, of the behaviour of the Russian fleet in the celebrated Dogger Bank action, when the fishing fleet took the form in Russian eyes of Japanese torpedo boats. But whereas that was a mere error of fright and incompetence, the German attacks are deliberate. By no possibility can a trawler with her trawls down be mistaken for a mine sweeper or scout. Strategically, this form of warfare is futile, so futile that one is led to the belief that some amateur in war is directing the German naval campaign : if there is one obvious and unmistakeable sign of amateurishness it is the employment of force upon operations which have no influence upon the course of the war other than the arousing of hostility and hatred. The bombardments of coastal towns in the late war may have had the object attributed to them by Dr. Rosinski in his article in *THE FORTNIGHTLY* last month—that of bringing about actions with inferior British naval forces. But these aerial murders have not even that

possible intention : for no sooner do British fighter aircraft make their appearance than the bombers make off with all haste into the clouds. The object is in fact no more than terrorism : a particularly foolish form of pressure to attempt upon the seafaring people of this country.

It is indeed interesting to compare the behaviour of Blake and Tromp, in dealing with the fishing industry in the seventeenth century, with that of the German paladins of to-day. Those English and Dutch commanders treated the fishermen with kindness, sending them back to harbour unharmed after warning them not to fish in prohibited areas : and the same generosity was shown to the French boats fishing in the Channel which were exempted from the general seizure of shipping provided they did not act improperly. Though, later in the war of 1652-54, fishing craft were taken into harbour, mainly in order to deprive the enemy of the crews for manning their fleets, no act was done to the men resembling the brutal behaviour which we have seen used by the German aircraft : and it was against the fighting ships which guarded the fishing fleet that Blake ordered action—again a direct contrast to the flight of the German aircraft from the British fighters when they appear upon the scene of bombings.

To summarize the situation at sea. The first German cruiser campaign, and the submarine campaign have both failed to achieve their objects; the mines, though causing losses are being mastered; and the aircraft, unable to achieve any results against the navy, has had to have recourse to despicable and unfruitful attacks upon unarmed fishing and coastal craft.

III.—THE AIR

BY AIR-COMMODORE L. E. O. CHARLTON

THE air phase of the war has been brisking up of late and, although we ourselves have not brought our bombers into use as yet, the enemy is gradually developing a species of attack that is altogether new. This is a considered series of attacks by air on shipping in which the bomb is supplemented by machine-gun fire. It began with assaults on units of the fishing fleet and several hapless trawlers went in that manner to their doom to the accompaniment of vociferated protests from the press and pulpit, while the Prime Minister himself took the opportunity to denounce such wanton outrage. At first sight it does indeed seem as if the enemy had discarded his last vestige of humanity. The men were engaged in a peaceful occupation and, in some instances, individuals among them had not hesitated to rescue Nazi bomber crews from a watery grave after the destruction of their aircraft. It is a poor and unchivalrous return! It is also, of course, against the laws of war. But those laws have been broken universally by the enemy in the conduct of their war at sea, and, given that one brutal, staring fact as the standard of behaviour one can see a certain barbarous logic in this their latest example of unscrupulousness. Every laden trawler, for instance, is a contribution to the problem of our food supply, judged by the enemy to be our most exposed flank.

Much more serious in the sense of intrinsic loss is the now developing Nazi habit of attacking larger ships from the air, so that to their natural enemies, the mine and torpedo, is added the bomb. It is surprising, when the matter is faced squarely, that the Nazi Air Staff have neglected this extension of the use of aircraft for so long. For as long as the informal bombing truce exists between the opposed air forces, so that the bombers are held in leash until one side or the other breaks the pact, so long

will the enemy have at disposal an immense surplus of bombing energy. There is no question of distances being too great for the Heinkels and the Dorniers. Aircraft which can lightly undertake reconnaissances as far afield as the Orkneys and the Shetlands could quarter the North Sea waste of water, in search of victims, as hounds go through a covert, singling out their prey with the vulture vision of a Condor of the Andes. It is strange indeed that Germany's large bomber fleet has been hitherto allowed to eat its head off, like hunters in a frost, rather than be sent out on these destructive North Sea missions against our own and neutral shipping, so helpless when thus attacked unless in a convoy. Can it be explained on the score of an acute petrol shortage, a relic of the Polish campaign so wastefully conducted from the air?

There is little doubt, however, that after a few notable successes in this field of endeavour the enemy will redouble his effort, while we, for our part, must tighten up our convoy regulations and further develop the system of air escort for the convoys. We also have surplus fighter strength to play with, so long as the air attacks on England do not culminate.

Meanwhile, as and when the sinking of ships by bomb becomes a major Nazi enterprise we find ourselves again at that disadvantage which our peculiar circumstance confers. In other words we cannot answer back, and this for the simple reason that, to all intents and purposes, there is no shipping belonging to the enemy for us to sink. Even if there were it is more than doubtful whether we would avail ourselves of the opportunity. We insist in standing before the world as knights in shining armour and, in the long run, provided that we keep our end up, that attitude of righteousness may well be beneficial as well as merely redounding to our credit. But in the interim, and while the weary war drags on, we must look to hard knocks as the price of our forbearance. Both sides are stripped and in the ring, but our opponent uses the principle of all-in wrestling while we abide by the strict rules of the game. It is magnificent, but is it war?

The unfortunate fact is that we shall never be otherwise than on the defensive in the air until the bombing ban is lifted. That is not to detract from the value, both material and moral, of our

minor air offensives over the Frisian Islands, the Bight of Heligoland and nearby vicinities. But those courageous enterprises must be considered in relation to the war at sea, separately compartmented, for they are solely preventive in their origin and are for the relief of shipping rather than part of a general policy of the air. What is meant is that, whereas the enemy's bombing objectives are numerous and widespread over the surface of the sea, ours are closely confined to a small and well-protected area. He can strew his bombs at will, but we can make no adequate rejoinder and, insofar as that condition continues to obtain, the air phase of the war will remain a one-sided affair. With stalemate on the ground and a mutual restraint above, which yet leaves the enemy free to conduct a harassing offensive against our weakest flank, the traffic of our cargo vessels, the attrition process, however slow, goes steadily against us.

Who will be the first to break this curious and shadowy arrangement not to bomb inland cannot be foretold. But if we continue to regard the German populace as unhappy victims of the war, instead of as participants with eager hope of victory, it is much more likely to be the enemy than ourselves, in which case he retains the initiative in this respect as well. It is, in any case, doubly certain that he would attempt the destruction of our capital from the air, and the dislocation of our Midlands industry, once he succeeded in emerging on the North Sea coast after a successful invasion of the Low Countries. Military strategists comfort themselves and their readers with the reflection that even so the west extension of the Maginot Line would render France secure. So indeed it might, but that fact will not operate to prevent in any way a series of sustained air offensives over England, and it seems as if we must wait upon the enemy's convenience before our bombers get to work.

TOUGH GUY

BY LLOYD SMITH

JESSIE stood in the big oak doorway. She was soft and black and desirable—as soft and black and desirable as a night on the Mississippi. And the little black jockey, looking at her with wide, black eyes, felt that he had missed his boat.

They called him Tough Guy. He laughed a little contemptuously to himself. But maybe he wasn't so tough after all. What had he done anyway? He had done some crazy dangerous things and got away with them. But he hadn't done what he really wanted to do. He wasn't tough enough for that.

And maybe this girl could tell him a thing or two. She worked for Michael Brand—she opened the door and served the drinks—but she wasn't part of Michael Brand's world. The Tough Guy could see that in a glance. Michael Brand was one of the most suspicious owners on the race-track—but there wasn't anything suspicious about Jessie.

And maybe she could tell them all a thing or two. All the suspicious owners and trainers—and all the suspicious jockeys who drank strong whisky and patted themselves on the back and spent long futile hours in the smoky futile saloons—and didn't know that they had all missed their boat.

* * * * *

The little negro jockey started his career somewhere along the banks of the Mississippi twenty-one years ago. His mother, who was big and black, wanted him to be a success so she gave him two things—a name, James Byron Johnson or something like that—and the bitterness which is the heritage of every black man.

He lost the name in the saloons of Harlem before he was ten, but he didn't lose the bitterness. Harlem brought that closer

to him. It made his mother's bedtime stories vivid and real and understandable.

Now he was just Tough Guy—the little black jockey who was as clever at losing a race as he was at winning one. The little black guy with the black bowler hat and the black cigar whom nobody trusted and of whom everybody was afraid.

He got the title when he half-killed the white boy who called him nigger, and then hit the policeman who arrested him. He did three years in an industrial school for that. When he returned to the streets at the age of fourteen he had a reputation to live up to. So he started smoking cigars and hating everything and everyone in sight.

He found hating easy—it seemed to be right in his line. He found it particularly easy to hate men who tried to be tough but couldn't take the consequences.

Michael Brand, for instance—he found it particularly easy to hate Michael Brand.

The man was a crook—there was no doubt about that. Everyone knew he was a crook—the tough guy knew he was a crook—but no one had the proof.

That's what burned the little jockey up. He didn't mind a man living dangerously—breaking the rules of the game. That was all right, that was what he liked. That was exciting and bitter and tough. But Brand wasn't tough. Oh no, he was quite safe hiding himself from the world behind the big oak door. He was just a sleek little trickster that didn't get caught.

It wasn't tough to take the rake-off and let someone else take the consequences. And the little black jockey with the big black cigar didn't like it a bit.

* * * * *

As soon as Jessie opened the door and saw the tough guy standing there she decided she liked the look of him. She didn't say anything, Jessie wasn't like that. She was just the little negress who opened the door and served the drinks. She didn't talk much and showed her feelings less. But nevertheless she had feelings—very definite feelings.

And the tough guy liked her too. Her blackness was a touch of friendliness he had not expected to find in that place.

He liked her soft wavy hair. He liked her soft dreaming eyes. And he liked her soft resonant voice.

“Yo’ wants to see Mistah Brand?”

The tough guy took the bowler hat from his head and the cigar from his mouth. He smiled as brightly as he could—he wasn’t used to smiling—and nodded.

“Mistah Brand is expectin’ me”, he said.

She hesitated. “Yo’ mean yo’ knows Mistah Brand?”

He nodded.

The idea occurred to him that maybe Jessie knew more about the little man in the house than she might be supposed to know.

Her eyes swept searchingly from his neat little feet to his curly black hair. They lingered for a moment on the bowler hat that was too hard and shiny and the cigar that was too big and black.

Maybe she was going to warn him about Brand—maybe she was going to tell him that the less he had to do with that guy the better. But all she said was “This way please.” She said it sadly. And when she preceded him through the spacious hall she walked sadly. He knew what she was thinking.

“Another sucker—that’s all. Just another sucker swallowing the bait and walking right into the trap. Just another sucker—listening to wild stories and walking right into Mr. Brand’s study.”

The tough guy didn’t like the idea of the little negress thinking he was a sucker. And he didn’t like the idea of her feeling sad because of him either. He wasn’t troubled much with thoughtful feelings—he didn’t have them very often. But this one was very definite. He put his hand on her shoulder.

“Listen honey”, he said slowly—she turned her black eyes on his—“Yo’ don’ need to feel sorry ’count o’ me. Ah’s ’quainted with this guy—Ah know what Ah’s walking into.”

* * * * *

The tough guy came into the room slowly and closed the door behind him. He stood, hat in hand, looking at Brand. The owner’s eyes rose to meet him. They were small grey eyes that were at the same time piercing and shifty. The tough guy looked from them to the small sharp features and the small

flashily dressed body. Brand was seated behind a big polished desk looking like an important business man.

The little negro put the cigar back in his mouth and the hat back on his head and sauntered over to the desk. He felt good and he didn't know quite why. Maybe it was because of what he was going to do to Brand. Maybe it was because he couldn't help thinking of Jessie—he liked thinking of Jessie.

"It sho' would be nice if yo 't' pervide me wif a seat", he said, his rich Mississippi voice rolling the words out softly and slowly.

Brand was irritated. His small eyes rose swiftly to the jockey's face. "I'm not here to be nice," he said curtly, "I'm here to do business. If you're interested in business O.K.—if not you can get the hell out of here."

The tough guy smiled to himself. He wasn't sure whether he was altogether interested in business or not.

"Cute li'l lady yo' got to welcome yo' guests," he said. "Ah sho' would like to make dat gal's acquaintance. What's her name?"

Brand rose to his feet hesitantly. Like the rest of them he was afraid of the tough guy. He felt uneasy and hadn't the faintest idea how to handle the situation.

The jockey waved him to his seat and pulled a chair up to the desk for himself.

"O.K." he said condescendingly, "let's yo'n' me do some business. Course ah'd sooner be sociable, but if business is what yo' want then business it's gotta be—an' if business ain't excitin' enough—guess I can always get de hell out of here."

The tough guy was enjoying himself. He puffed languidly on his big black cigar, his hat perched at an impertinent angle on his round black head.

"But that would be a pity, cause yo'n' me both knows you can't get along without me. The' ain't nobody else could crowd de favourite and get away wif it. If I declines to offeh my 'sistance yo' sho'ly will be in a tough spot, Brand."

The tough guy laughed and leaned back in his chair with a self-satisfied expression on his face. Brand was fidgeting restlessly. His eyes were watching the jockey as though he were a big black avalanche poised above him, ready to roll and crush him out of existence.

"O.K. tough guy", he said. "We know you're good all right—what are your terms?"

The jockey puffed his cigar and looked thoughtful,

"Yo' desires me to ride Midnight in de Atlin Stakes?" he said slowly. Brand nodded.

"An' yo' desires dat Big Noise win de Atlin Stakes?"

Brand took his cigar from his mouth and leaned forward.

"Big Noise has *got* to win the Atlin Stakes".

The tough guy puffed his cigar and looked thoughtful.

"Ranton's one de bes' horses dat ever came out of an American stable." He pushed the bowler hat farther back on his head. "Ranton's de only horse in de race. Ah knows that—yo' know that—they all know that. An' yo' askin' me to crowd him out of it wifout them knowing what's happening?"

"You've done it before."

"Judges all oveh the place—stands packed wif people holding tickets on de favourite—sho' I've done it befo'."

"And you'll do it again?"

"Sho' I'll do it again."

Brand looked relieved.

The tough guy was leaning calmly back in his chair, an indefinite smile playing about the corners of his thick lips.

"What makes yo' think yo' can trust me?" he said, looking at Brand intently.

The little man's face seemed sharper and narrower than ever. He leaned forward, his arms folded on the desk. "Listen, tough guy", he said quietly, his eyes steady for the first time during the interview, "as far as we are concerned this racing business is a dangerous racket. Sure they're after me. But they're after you too. Don't make any mistake about that. It's O.K. while we're on top, while we're smart enough to dodge them—but by God if we ever make a slip it'll all be over."

"What do yo' mean, 'it'll all be over'?" The negro's voice was contemptuous. "Cowardly little rat", he thought, "tough to a point all right—but after that just as scared as the rest of them."

He dropped his cigar butt and watched the smoke curling languidly upward for a moment. Then he ground the butt into the polished floor with his heel and went on talking.

"It's lak this : I haven't got a lot o' money to lose de way yo' have. An' I haven't got a reputation to lose de way yo' have—Ah been up fo' three years already—guess ah can take it all right. An' racin' ain't so important to me as it is to you. Been thinkin' a bit of gettin' me a wife an' settlin' down somewheres along de Mississippi. Raise a bunch o' kids maybe an' bring them up to be good American citizens."

"Cut the comedy," said Brand.

The tough guy lit another cigar and looked thoughtful. "Yes sir," he said slowly, "Think ah'll do that ve'y thing."

"Do what?"

"Git married an' go souf. Maybe raise a bunch of kids."

"What the hell has that got to do with the race?"

"Jes this," said the tough guy getting slowly to his feet, "it doesn't matter to me if ah do get caught. It'd mean permanent suspension—but what does that matter. I ain't interested in racing any mo'. Ah wouldn't go to jail. You would but ah wouldn't—ah'd jes be through wif racin'."

Brand had risen too and crossed to where the jockey was standing by the window. He looked taller when he was standing and he had an ominous expression on his face.

"So you don't think you'd go to jail?" he said with a sneer in his voice.

"Oh no," said the tough guy with a careless wave of his cigar, "I won't go to jail. But they got enough on you to put yo' way till you've fo'gotten what a racetrack looks lak. All they need is jes one little piece of certain proof—jes one little slip—an' one of these days yo' goin' to make it."

"Yes—maybe one of these days I will," said the owner with a smile the tough guy didn't like. "But I haven't made one yet, and I guess that's where I've got you beaten."

The tough guy was puzzled.

Brand crossed to his desk. "I've got a little yellow envelope here," he said quietly. "Maybe you remember it—maybe the only slip you ever made—but as you say, one slip is enough."

The jockey remembered all right. He remembered with a shock. This was something he had not expected. That envelope would mean more than suspension if it ever got out of the owner's desk.

"Say it wif flowers—Say it wif drink—But whateveh yo' do don' say it wif ink." He mused.

"Exactly," said Brand.

The jockey shrugged his shoulders. "O.K." he said simply, "Ah guess yo' win."

* * * * *

The tough guy was mounted high on Midnight, the big brown three year old. He paraded the horse past the stands, his small round head looking very black above the bright white and green of the Brand stables.

"Well, tough guy," he thought to himself, "they may not know it, but they's gwine to see a great race." He felt the big horse moving slowly and rhythmically beneath him. "What yo' say, Midnight—let's you'n m'e put on a show fo' them." His thick black lips parted in a smile revealing the dazzling whiteness of his teeth.

"The tough guy ridin' his las' race," he mused. "Ridin' clear out de race track—maybe ridin' right behind de bars." He wondered vaguely just what the little yellow envelope would mean. Maybe ten years, maybe twenty—no way of knowing. But whatever it was it would be the end of all this. No more crowded stands, no more excited cheering, no more flying colours, no more pounding hoofs.

"The tough guy in a blaze of glory—one grand exit—an' den—" he paused in his thinking, "den dey won't be any tough guy—dey'll on'y be a number—a number all dressed in striped close on de rock pile—an' after dat—" he paused again "after de number dey'll be James Byron Johnston an' Jessie an' de Mississippi."

For the last time he brought his mount to the barrier. For the last time he heard the bell and the whirr of the tapes—heard the old familiar roar of the stands—music that would not ring in his ears again. He had no regrets—he gripped the big horse with his knees and held the rein tightly. He thought of Jessie and the Mississippi—just the little black girl and the river—and he felt good.

He saw it rolling—the Mississippi wide and silent. Rolling slowly and inevitably through the south. Rolling through the white fields of cotton—rolling through the black fields of cotton

pickers. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad to be one of them—one of the black cotton pickers—black with the burning sun of Africa—black with the hatred and bitterness that, like the Mississippi, had rolled slowly and inevitably through many generations.

The field swept round the first bend closely bunched together. He felt Midnight straining for her head—he held the rein tightly.

“Just a moment, old girl, the show isn't starting yet. In a moment or two maybe, but not yet.” He eased the mare into an easy position on the rails. Big Noise was a length in front, then there came a big grey horse from Kentucky—the white clad jockey lying on his back looked small and grotesque—and on the outside, striding easily, waiting its time, came Ranton. The quick blue eyes of his rider flashed over the field occasionally, then fixed themselves intently on the track. The jockey was smiling. Ranton was a racing certainty.

The tough guy thought of Jessie and felt good. He remembered her soft, full voice and her black flashing eyes as they had been when they were together after the interview with Brand. He remembered how good they had felt together. And he had talked of marriage and children for the first time in his life. Marriage and the Mississippi—and it had felt good and natural. And he remembered how bitter they had felt when they talked of Brand and the little yellow envelope in the desk.

But Jessie had been different—she was bitter all right—but she was bitter in a different way. He was bitter and he wanted revenge. She was bitter but she didn't want revenge. She didn't want to get her hands on things and tear them apart as he did. She only wanted the opportunity to live decently and happily and constructively. And they called him tough guy. Well, maybe he wasn't so tough after all—maybe he wasn't half so tough as the little black girl who opened the door and served the drinks. The little black girl who knew what it meant to be black, and still wanted to do something good in the world.

But it was something in his blood—it was part of him and he couldn't help it.

The closely bunched field was nearing the stretch. Ranton was still in the same position riding easily, the jockey still

smiling. The tough guy had moved up to fourth place. There was no doubt or hesitation in his mind. He knew what he was going to do.

The mare was pulling on the rein, the pace was quickening Ranton was still waiting—there would be a moment or two yet.

The jockey was talking half aloud, half to himself. "Might have got away wif suspension—but not now—not while Brand has dat envelope—but it won't be de fus' time. An' what's it mattah if I fo'get what a racetrack looks lak—I'll not forget de Mississippi. But befo' dat dey's something I've got to get out o' mah system . . ."

They swung into the stretch closely bunched. Big Noise was still holding the lead—the big grey horse from Kentucky was following—the jockey still tiny and grotesque. Ranton was still waiting.

The little negro loosened his grip on the rail and swung the horse to the outside. "O.K. Midnight," he said softly, "Yo' 'n' me's on our way." In a flash they were abreast of Ranton. The little black jockey was more excited than he had been in his life. There was only the cool rush of the air on his face, and in his ears the pounding of hoofs—and in his mind the Mississippi, slow and wide—and Jessie soft and black and desirable.

He was second now with the huge Kentucky horse looming like a shadow at his saddle. Something swelled in his veins and his heart was thumping wildly—its pounding mingling strangely with the pounding hoofs. With all his strength he swung the horse towards the rail. The bitterness in him swept him on like an avalanche—on through the path of the big grey horse from Kentucky.

* * * * *

The tough guy pushed the bowler hat back on his head and blew a huge puff of black smoke into the room. It drifted slowly toward the window—slowly like a sign of danger toward the polished desk and the polished little men in the white suit who sat behind it.

Brand's hands were shuffling papers nervously. His eyes rose to meet the calm, swaggering figure of the jockey, they swept round the room searchingly, then back to the jockey again. He didn't say a word.

The tough guy walked with an air of calm superiority toward the desk. He thought of Jessie and felt good.

"It sho' would be nice of yo' to offer me a seat," he said.

The owner put down the papers and gripped the edge of his desk. "I don't like the way you're acting." His voice was anything but steady.

"Oh!" said the jockey.

"What the hell happened out there?"

"Yo' didn' see de race? Dat's too bad—it sho was exciting." Brand rose to his feet. The tough guy motioned him down again. "Now don' you be gettin' all excited," he said. "Big Noise won all right. Guess yo'll get yo' money..." The jockey paused and dropped into the chair beside the window—"seems as the's a little misunderstanding though."

"What are you talking about?"

"They were flyin' de objection flag when I lef' de track," said the tough guy with a careless wave of his cigar. "Somebody mus' have de idea de race wasn't on de level. So't of unreasonable, don' you think—but dat's de way some people are. Of co'se two or three of 'em did pile up, so't of—but afteh all—accidents will happen." The tough guy laughed.

"So you double crossed me?" Brand's voice was lifeless. He looked at the tough guy from eyes that were bitter and hopeless. Perhaps he had always known it would come to this—only his terrible fear had forced him to adopt the air of pride and smugness that till now had so completely surrounded him. But now it had gone—not a trace of it remained.

The tough guy puffed his cigar and watched the owner cowering. He felt good. He felt as though his mission in life had been accomplished and now he was free to sit back and view with satisfaction the completeness of his work.

He rose to his feet, flicking his cigar ash onto the polished floor. "Sho Ah double-crossed yo'," he said, "An' in a little while dey'll be comin' to get you—all on account of me." He smiled. "An' den dey'll be comin' to get me—all 'count of you an' dat envelope. But befo' dey get here dey's a little matteh ah wants to 'tend to—"

Brand half rose, then slipped helplessly back into his chair. The tough guy laughed and closed the door quietly behind him.

The little black figure walked slowly, hat in hand, his small feet sinking into the deep grass. There was no cigar in his mouth now—he found more satisfaction in the taste of the cool sweet air. No black cigar—no black bowler hat—no tough guy. Only James Byron Johnston waiting for one last moment with the only girl he knew.

Waiting with the warm south wind on his face for one last moment of softness and blackness—knowing that some day the moment would be forever—knowing with a thrill of satisfaction that, though it were twenty years, it would be worth waiting for—knowing with a pang of longing that, though it were only six months, it would seem like a century.

“Done bus’ dat rock boys, in de middle of de mo’nin’,

On de way to de jail boys—yes, back to de jail.”

For the first time he began to wonder if waiting would be possible—if he hadn’t made a mistake after all—if maybe it would have been better to let his hatred smoulder until it faded out beside the slow placid river.

But the girl behind him had no doubts. She knew what it meant to be black. She knew he had taken the only road he knew. There was something in his system that he had to get rid of. And now it was gone and they were free to do what they wanted to do, to go where they wanted to be.

Yes, now—not five years, not ten years—but now.

He wakened from his dreaming with a start. He felt the soft arms around his shoulders and opened his eyes to see the soft black fingers playing with a little envelope.

NEUTRAL BELGIUM

BY BETTY BARZIN

KING Leopold's decision, in October, 1936, to withdraw from the former Allied *bloc* was as much the outcome of a gradual disappointment in the foreign policy of the Allies as the result of internal pressure from the Flemish section of the population who wished to break away from the political influence of France. So when dark clouds again began to roll up on the political horizon, even those—and they were not a few—who had disapproved of the new foreign policy of Belgium decided that the King had been wise, that there would be war again, and that Belgium, this time, might conceivably remain outside the conflict. For Belgium is, to a certain extent, the pulse of Western Europe. Many far-seeing Belgians were aghast when Germany was allowed to re-occupy the demilitarized Rhineland zone ; when nothing was done to prevent the *Anschluss* of Austria ; when the Munich agreement was signed, sealing the doom of Czechoslovakia. Belgium never entertained great hopes as to the effectiveness of the League of Nations. But once upon a time Belgium *did* believe in the Locarno Treaty. Little did the population realize that neutrality could be a burden, both moral and economic.

No sooner had war been declared than Belgium was divided into two camps. Forgetting their neutrality, thousands of Belgians expressed the greatest enthusiasm for the cause of the Allies, remembering that had it not been for their intervention in 1914 Belgium might have ceased to be. Others, mainly in extremist Flemish and Rexist quarters, chose to recall that the policy of independence meant that Belgium was not in any way to differentiate between the Allies and Germany. The task of the Belgian Government in the early days of September was most difficult : the Cabinet had no power to stop the manifold attacks on Poland's aggressor which were

expressed on all sides. King Leopold appealed to the Nation and cautioned all his fellow-countrymen: Belgium has proclaimed its neutrality, he said, and Belgium has never broken its word; neither in act nor in speech should this pledge be betrayed. But the surge of opinion was so high, that only a fraction of the population and the press obeyed the King's wish. When thousands of Frenchmen were called to the Colours, and when subsequently the Polish residents in Belgium left for France to join the Polish Legion, there were unforgettable scenes on the Brussels railway platforms. When the first news of the British raid on Cuxhaven arrived, the joy and satisfaction which welled up in Belgium were certainly as great as in France and England. One can scarcely blame the German Embassy in Brussels for resenting all the many written and spoken proofs of the fact that Belgian neutrality was a matter of State and not a matter of opinion. Things went even further: the harshness of the treatment inflicted by Germany on the beaten Poles was compared with the harshness of the treatment Belgium had known under German occupation twenty-five years ago; Franco-Belgian, Anglo-Belgian and Belgo-Polish organizations set to work to provide the greatest number of tokens of friendship to the Allies. But nowhere, not even in the most extreme Flemish Nationalist quarters, was a finger raised or a word spoken in favour of Germany.

The Pierlot Government which was in office at the beginning of September immediately realized the tremendous difficulties with which it would be faced, and an enlarged Ministry comprising 18 members chosen from the various shades of the three traditional political Parties—Catholic, Liberal and Socialist—was formed at once. By this means it was hoped that criticism of the Nazi system would become less violent. This number has since been cut down to 14 owing to the great cost of running 18 separate Departments. At the first meeting of Parliament after the outbreak of the war, the President of the Belgian Chamber, the Flemish Catholic leader Franz Van Cauwelaert (to whose anti-French activities the 1936 policy of independence was to a great extent due) in his Presidential speech expressed the view that, although neutral, the population of Belgium could not be expected to crush its

conscience. The leaders of the main political Parties spoke on similar lines. Thus, the key-note of Belgian opinion was established once and for all : Belgium is neutral in the present conflict, but, at heart, Belgium remains true to those who rushed to its rescue in 1914.

Then came a series of attempts, on the part of the German representatives, to bring pressure to bear upon the Belgian Government. The German Ambassador, Herr von Bulow Schwante, paid constant visits to the Belgian Foreign Office and protested almost daily against the unusual form of neutrality which prevailed in the country. These persistent German activities did not fail to impress the Belgian Government. Warnings were issued to the press and the public by responsible Ministers ; an attempt was made to introduce some form of press censorship, but this was promptly checked by the Belgian press itself, for freedom of the press is one of the most treasured Articles of the Constitution. When a British plane crossed the Belgian frontier and two Belgian airmen were wounded while attempting to chase away the British Aircraft, the most was made of this incident by the Belgian authorities ; but the man in the street suggested that, since the plane was British, it should have been left alone, and the stiff attitude of the Belgian authorities was interpreted by the Belgian population as a sign of pro-German inclination. But this interpretation was grossly unfair ; all the Belgian Cabinet was guilty of was fear of German bullying.

As time went on, however, this feeling of fear also began to affect the population. A number of Belgians have gradually adopted the fallacious argument that open disapproval of German activities might necessarily bring about a German invasion. Clear-thinking Belgians naturally understand that the probability of an aggression on Belgian territory depends solely on German strategy or rather on the German need for taking some desperate action and that no sentiment whatsoever will be taken into account, but German pressure by means of personal contacts, press and radio attacks has become so strong that public pro-Ally demonstrations are gradually subsiding.

German propaganda has made the most of some complaints uttered in Belgian business circles on account of economic

difficulties brought about by the British Blockade. The long detention by the British Contraband-Control Commission of Belgian ships and of cargoes destined for Belgium has obviously caused a good deal of apprehension for the economic future of the country. Belgium, it must be remembered, almost entirely depends on its export trade; and this export trade in turn depends largely on Belgian imports of a number of commodities which undergo various forms of industrial transformations in Belgian workshops and factories. The fact that about 600,000 Belgians are mobilized by no means improves matters, and in the early days of the war, the economic outlook was very bad indeed. The Germans naturally attempted to improve on this heaven-sent opportunity. German propaganda increasingly harped on the notion that whereas Germany asked for nothing better than carrying on normal trade with Belgium, even improving this trade whenever possible, Great Britain was determined to strangle Belgium economically and thus force it to take up arms on the side of the Allies. A fraction of Belgian opinion has unfortunately accepted this view.

Then came the German Counter-Blockade. And the Belgians who are wise and matter of fact, promptly realized that they had to choose between the British and the German Blockade, while the Government attempted to obtain maximum concessions from both sides. Negotiations with the Allies appear to be satisfactory; those with Germany, less so, for Germany interprets every form of friendly understanding between Belgium and the Allies as an act of hostility against the Reich.

But much has been made since the beginning of the war of the economic difficulties with which Belgium is faced. It would be wrong to minimize these difficulties, but at the same time it must be remembered that now that the political status of Belgium is clearly defined, its economic position becomes easier inasmuch as German threats may be looked upon with less anxiety than was the case a few weeks ago. The German Counter-Blockade gives the Belgians an argument which they did not possess at the time when they were the victims of the Allied Blockade only. It is now a question of choosing between two evils, and somehow the Belgian choice goes automatically

towards the Allies. Moreover, the Allied Blockade of German exports gives many Belgian industrial concerns a chance of new prosperity. As was wisely pointed out by a British expert, neutral countries possessing adequate industrial machinery are in a position to create new industries. Industrious and efficient Belgian manufacturers are already at work, and the leniency shown by Britain and France will help Belgian industry. Germany officially announced in December that she would stop coke and coal exports to Belgium to punish Belgium for its lack of "economic neutrality". There will be further blows of that kind, but compensation is expected from Allied quarters. Some Belgian industries will naturally suffer, but on the whole, the Belgian economic outlook, as much as its political outlook, is infinitely happier now than it was two months ago. The Port of Antwerp is suffering badly ; it has lost about 60% of its activity. On the other hand, shipyards are in full prosperity, since Belgium must now build a mercantile marine. But the tears which are still being shed over the inevitable ruin of the Belgian Nation are due to Dr. Goebbels's propaganda rather than to latest facts.

Public finances, however, are in a poor state. The costly mobilization of Belgian manhood, following upon a period of economic depression, is a heavy burden. Taxation and cutting down of expenditure is expected of neutrals as well as of belligerents, and Belgian patriotism and commonsense will, after a good deal of grumbling, provide the means of balancing the heaviest Budget Belgium has ever known. The mobilization alone costs nearly 1 million Belgas per day.

From time to time, Berlin puts out a feeler with a view to ascertaining whether small neutral countries will yield to the argument that they cannot themselves take care of their neutrality and that, in consequence, Germany must take steps to ensure its maintenance. Belgian reaction to this feeler is nil. When the history of present events is written, it will probably be found that German diplomatic pressure on Belgium achieved the very opposite of its aim. That part of Belgian opinion which refused to submit to the Government's appeal for neutrality in speech and writing, has propagated the view that the cause taken up by the Allies is also the cause of all small

independent nations and that, first and foremost, it is the cause of Belgium. Even the most ardent 'neutral' in Belgium cannot but share this point of view. Several Flemish leaders who formerly fought against the influence of France have admitted in public that, should Germany win this war, the cause of Flanders would be doomed, for an independent Flanders can only be achieved within the borders of a free Belgium. The Germans, these leaders point out, consider the Flemings as a *Bruderstamm*. If they were ever to lay hands on Flanders, Flanders would lose all hope of any independence. Thus, strange as it may seem, to the outside world, perhaps the main objection to complete submission to German pressure has come from Flanders. But it was difficult for the Flemings, who have done so much in the past to break away from France, suddenly to advocate a bold stand against Germany without preliminary and careful preparation of Flemish opinion. They cautiously waited for an opportunity, which came sooner than they expected. It was provided when the alarm was sounded in November and King Leopold rushed to Holland to meet Queen Wilhelmina and despatch the Belgo-Dutch Peace telegram.

Perhaps it should be explained that, whilst everybody in Belgium prays for peace, many patriots disapproved of that telegram for two reasons: it was not addressed to Poland; it did not state that reparation for the many sufferings caused to independent nations should be an essential condition of any peace proposals. The former reason speaks for itself, so does the latter and no effort of imagination was needed for patriotic Belgians to conceive what would have been the feelings of Belgium, two months after the outbreak of the 1914 war, had the Government of a neutral country suggested peace, without mentioning that peace negotiations could only be considered if the restoration of Belgian independence was its prime condition. This was said and written by few, but thought and felt by all.

The meeting between the Belgian and Dutch Sovereigns was interpreted in various ways. Some suggested that it was caused by sheer panic resulting from the threatening attitude adopted by Herr von Ribbentrop in private conversations with the chiefs of the Belgian and Dutch Missions in Berlin; others explained that the pressure of concentrated German troops on

the frontiers of both Belgium and Holland were precipitating a Belgo-Dutch alliance ; a further version was that the meeting was destined to impress Germany. The truth has not yet been told, but whatever the truth may be, the incident has helped to clarify the position of Belgium.

It must be remembered that there is an essential difference between Dutch and Belgian neutrality in this war. Holland has received no guarantees and has asked for no pledges beyond the solemn promise made at the outbreak of war that Dutch territory would be respected by every belligerent provided that the other camp did not transgress it. Belgium, on the other hand, when she proclaimed her policy of sovereign independence in 1936, made it quite clear that this independence left Belgium sole judge of the attitude she was to adopt in the event of war. Britain and France, and shortly afterwards Germany, formally acknowledged this status by means of written guarantees. At the outbreak of war, Belgium stated that she had chosen to be neutral ; but this choice by no means implies that Belgian neutrality in the present conflict is static. On the contrary, Belgian leaders have never overlooked the possibility that the vital interests of Belgium may sooner or later force Belgium to adopt a different attitude. The November alarm which was sounded when it was believed that Germany aimed at the establishment of naval and air bases on the Dutch coast, was the first of these possibilities. It is obvious that, should the German Command be master of the mouth of the Scheldt, the vital interests of Belgium would be at stake. In view of her neutral status, Holland refuses to enter into a military alliance with Belgium, but Belgium feels entitled either to go to Holland's help if threatened, or to give a sovereign interpretation to Article 16 of the Covenant and allow the Allies free passage to rush to the help of the Dutch.

THE NEW WORLD ORDER

Whether it is attainable, how it can be attained, and what sort of world a world at peace will have to be

BY H. G. WELLS

(Continued)

INTERNATIONAL POLITICS.

AND now, having completed our picture of what the saner elements in human society may reasonably work for and hope for, having cleared away the horrible nightmares of the class war and the totalitarian slave-state from our imaginations, we are able to attack the immediate riddles of international conflict, and relationship with some hope of a general solution. If we realize to the depths of our being that a world settlement based in the three ideas of socialism, law and knowledge, is not only possible and desirable, but the only way of escape from deepening disaster, then manifestly our attitude towards the resentments of Germany, the prejudices of America or Russia, the poverty and under-nourishment of India or the ambitions of Japan, must be frankly opportunist. None of these are primary issues. We sane men must never lose sight of our ultimate objective, but our methods of getting there will have to vary with the fluctuating variations of national feeling and national policy.

There is this idea of federalism upon which I have submitted a criticism in a previous issue. As I have shown there, the Streit proposals must either take you further or land you nowhere. Let us assume that we can strengthen his proposals to the extent of making a socialistic economic consortium and adherence to that Declaration of Rights, primary conditions for any federal union; then it becomes a matter of mood and

occasion with what communities the federal association may be begun. We can even encourage feeble federal experiments which do not venture even as far as that upon the path to sanity, in the certainty that either they will fade out again or else that they will become liberal realities of the type to which the whole world must ultimately conform. Behind any such half-hearted tentatives an educational propaganda can be active and effective.

But when it comes to the rate and amount of participation in the construction of a rational world order we can expect from any country or group of countries, we are in a field where there is little more than guessing and haphazard generalizations about "national character" to work upon. We are dealing with masses of people which may be swayed enormously by a brilliant newspaper or an outstandingly persuasive or compelling personality or by almost accidental changes in the drift of events. I, for example, cannot tell how far the generality of educated and capable people in the British Empire now may fall in with our idea of accepting and serving a collectivism, or how strong their conservative resistance may be. It is my own country and I ought to know it best, and I do not know it detachedly enough or deeply enough to decide that. I do not see how anyone can foretell these swirls and eddies of response.

The advocacy of such movements of the mind and will as I am speaking of here is in itself among the operating causes in political adjustment, and those who are deepest in the struggle are least able to estimate how it is going. Every factor in political and international affairs is a fluctuating factor. The wise man therefore will not set his heart upon any particular drift or combination. He will favour everything that trends towards the end at which he aims.

The present writer cherishes the idea that the realization of a common purpose and a common cultural inheritance may spread throughout all the English-speaking communities, and there can be no harm in efforts to give this concrete expression. He believes the dissociation of the British Empire may inaugurate this great synthesis. At the same time there are factors making for some closer association of the United States of America with what are called the Oslo powers. There is no reason why one

of these associations should stand in the way of the other. Some countries such as Canada rest already under what is practically a double guarantee; she has the security of the Monroe Doctrine and the protection of the British fleet.

A Germany of eighty million people which has been brought to acquiesce in the Declaration of the Rights of Man and which is already highly collectivized, may come much earlier to a completely liberal socialist *régime* than Great Britain or France. If she participates in a consortium for the development of what are called the politically backward regions of the world, she may no longer be disposed for further military adventures and further stress and misery. She may enter upon a phase of social and economic recovery so rapid as to stimulate and react upon every other country in the world. It is not for other countries to dictate her internal politics, and if the German people want to remain united as one people, in federated states or in one centralized state, there is neither righteousness nor wisdom in preventing them.

The Germans, like the rest of the world, have to get on with collectivization, they have to produce their pattern, and they cannot give themselves to that if they are artificially divided up and disorganized by some old-fashioned Quai d'Orsay scheme. They must do the right thing in their own way.

That the belligerent tradition may linger on in Germany for a generation or so, is a risk the Atlantic powers have to take. The world has a right to insist that not simply some German government but the people generally, recognize unequivocally and repeatedly, the rights of man asserted in the Declaration, and it is reasonable to insist also that Germany remain disarmed and that any aggressive plant, any war plane, war-ship, gun or arsenal that is discovered in the country shall be destroyed forthwith, brutally and completely. But that is a thing that should not be confined to Germany. Germany should not be singled out for that. Armament should be an illegality everywhere, and some sort of international force should patrol a treaty-bound world. Partial armament is one of those absurdities dear to moderate-minded "reasonable" men. Armament itself is making war. Making a gun, pointing a gun and firing it, are all acts of the same order. It should be illegal

to construct anywhere upon earth, any mechanism for the specific purpose of killing men. When you see a gun it is reasonable to ask : " Whom is that intended to kill ? "

Germany's rearmament after 1918 was largely tolerated because she played off British Russophobia against the Russian fear of " Capitalist " attack, but that excuse can no longer serve any furtive war-mongers among her people after her pact with Moscow.

Released from the economic burdens and restrictions that crippled her recovery after 1918, Germany may find a full and satisfying outlet for the energy of her young men in her systematic collectivization, raising the standard of her common life deliberately and steadily, giving Russia a lead in efficiency and obliging the maundering " politics " and discursive inattention of the Atlantic world to remain concentrated upon the realities of life. The idea of again splitting up Germany into discordant fragments so as to postpone her ultimate recovery indefinitely, is a pseudo-democratic slacker's dream. It is diametrically opposed to world reconstruction. We have need of the peculiar qualities of her people, and the sooner she recovers the better for the whole world. It is preposterous to resume the policy of holding back Germany simply that the old order may enjoy a few more years of self-indulgence in England, France and America.

A lingering fear of Germany military aggression may not be altogether bad for the minor states of South-Eastern Europe and Asia Minor, by breaking down their excessive nationalism and inducing them to work together. The policy of the sane man should be to welcome every possible experiment in international co-operations, and if these supra-national understandings duplicate and overlap one another, so much the better. He has to watch the activities of his own Foreign Office with incessant jealousy, for signs of that Machiavellian spirit which foment division among foreign governments and peoples and schemes perpetually to frustrate the progressive movement in human affairs by converting it into a swaying indecisive balance of power.

This book is a discussion of guiding principles and not of the endless specific problems of adjustment that arise on the

way to a world realization of collective unity. I will merely glance at that old idea of Napoleon the Third's, the Latin Union, at the possibility of a situation in Spanish and Portuguese South America parallel to that overlap of the Monroe Doctrine and the European motherlands which already exists in practice in the case of Canada, nor will I expatiate upon the manifold possibilities of a sincere application of the Declaration of the Rights of Man to India and Africa—and particularly to those parts of the world in which more or less black peoples are awakening to the realities of racial discrimination and oppression.

I will utter a passing warning against any Machiavellian treatment of the problem of Northern and Eastern Asia, into which the British may be led by their constitutional Russophobia. The Soviet collectivism, especially if presently it becomes liberalized and more efficient through a recovery from its present obsession by Stalin, may spread very effectively across Central Asia and China. To anyone nourished mentally upon the ideas of an unending competition of Powers for ascendancy for ever and ever, an alliance with Japan, as truculent and militarized a Japan as possible, will seem the most natural response in the world. But to anyone who has grasped the reality of the present situation of mankind and the urgent desirableness of world collectivization, this immense unification will be something to welcome, criticize and assist.

The old bugbear of Russia's "designs upon India" may also play its part in distorting the Asiatic situation for many people. Yet a hundred years of mingled neglect, exploitation and occasional outbreaks of genuine helpfulness should have taught the British that the ultimate fate of India's hundreds of millions rests now upon no conquering ruler but wholly and solely upon the ability of the Indian peoples to co-operate in world collectivization. They may learn much by way of precept and example from Russia and from the English-speaking world, but the day for mere revolt or for relief by a change of masters have passed. India has to work out for itself, with its own abundant brains, its escape from chaos and its own manner of participation in the struggle for a world order, starting from the British raj as a datum line. No outside power can work that

out for the Indian peoples, nor force them to do it if they have no will for it.

But I will not wander further among these ever-changing problems and possibilities. They are, so to speak, wayside eventualities and opportunities. Immense though some of them are they remain secondary. Every year or so now the shifting channels of politics need to be recharted. The activities and responses of the sane man in any particular country and at any particular time will be determined always by the over-ruling conception of a secular movement towards a single world order. That will be the underlying permanent objective of all his political life.

There is however another line of world consolidation to which attention must be drawn before we conclude this section, and is what we may call *ad hoc* international systems. The essential idea of *ad hoc* internationalism is admirably set forth in Leonard Woolf's *International Government*, a classic which was published in 1916 and still makes profitable reading.

The typical *ad hoc* organization is the Postal Union, which David Lubin, that brilliant neglected thinker, would have had extended until it controlled shipping and equalized freights throughout the world. He based his ideas upon his practical experience of the mail order business from which he derived his very considerable fortune. From that problem of freight adjustment he passed to the idea of a controlled survey of world production week by week and month by month, so that a shortage here or a glut there could be foreseen and remedied in time. He realized the idea in the form of the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome, which in its heyday made treaties like an independent sovereign power for the supply of returns from nearly every government upon earth. The war of 1914 and Lubin's death in 1919 checked the development of this admirable and most inspiring experiment in *ad hoc* internationalism. Its history is surely something that should be made part of the compulsory education of every statesman and publicist. Yet never in my life have I met a professional politician who knew anything whatever or wanted to know anything about it. It didn't get votes; it seemed difficult to tax it; what was the good of it?

Another *ad hoc* organization which might be capable of a considerable extension of its functions is the Elder Brethren of Trinity House, who control the lighthouses and charting of the seas throughout the world. But it would need a very considerable revision and extension of Mr. Woolf's book and, in spite of the war stresses that have delayed and in some cases reversed their development, it would be quite beyond our present scope, to bring up to date the lengthening tale of *ad hoc* international networks, ranging from international business cartels, scientific and technical organizations, white-slave-trade suppression and international police co-operation, to health services and religious missions. Just as I have suggested that the United States and Great Britain may become complete socialisms unawares, so it is a not altogether impossible dream that the world may discover to its great surprise that it is already practically a cosmopolis, through the extension and interweaving of these *ad hoc* co-operations. At any rate we have this very powerful collateral process going on side by side with the more definite political schemes we have discussed.

Surveying the possibilities of these various attacks upon the complicated and intricate obstacles that stand between us and a new and more hopeful world order, one realizes both the reasons for hope in that great possibility and the absurdity of over-confidence. We are all like soldiers upon a vast battlefield; we cannot be sure of the trend of things; we may be elated when disillusionment is rushing headlong upon us; we may be on the verge of despair, not knowing that our antagonists are already in collapse. My own reactions vary between an almost mystical faith in the ultimate triumph of human reason and good-will, and moods of stoical determination to carry on to the end in the face of what looks like inevitable disaster. There are quantitative factors in the outlook for which there are no data; there are elements of time and opportunity beyond any estimating. Every one of these activities we have been canvassing tends to delay the drift to destruction and provides a foothold for a further counter-offensive against the adversary.

In the companion predecessor to this book, *The Fate of Homo sapiens*, I tried to drive home the fact that our species has no more reason to believe it can escape defeat and extinction, than

any other organism that plays or has played its part in the drama of life. I tried to make clear how precarious is our present situation, and how urgent it is that we should make a strenuous effort at adjustment now. Only a little while ago it seemed as though that was an appeal to a deaf and blind world, invincibly set in its habitual ways even if they led plainly to destruction. I went into the question whether this inclination towards pessimism reflected a mood or phase in myself, and I threw out a qualifying suggestion or so ; but for my own part I could not find any serious reason to believe that the mental effort that was clearly necessary if man was to escape the fate that marched upon him would ever be made. His conservative resistances, his apathy, seemed incurable.

Now suddenly everywhere one meets with alarmed and open and enquiring minds. So far the tremendous dislocations of the present war have been immensely beneficial in stripping off what seemed to be quite invincible illusions of security only a year ago. I never expected to live to see the world with its eyes as widely open as they are to-day. The world has never been so awake. Little may come of it, much may come of it. We do not know. Life would amount to nothing at all if we did.

WORLD ORDER IN BEING.

There will be no day of days then when a new world order comes into being. Step by step and here and there it will arrive, and even as it comes into being it will develop fresh perspectives, discover unsuspected problems and go on to new adventures. No man, no group of men, will every be singled out as its father or founder. For its maker will be not this man nor that man nor any man but Man, that being who is in some measure in every one of us. World order will be, like science, like most inventions, a social product, an innumerable number of personalities will have lived fine lives, pouring their best into the collective achievement.

We can find a small-scale parallel to the probable development of a new world order in the history of flying. Less than a third of a century ago, ninety-nine people out of a hundred would

have told you that flying was impossible ; kites and balloons and possibly even a navigable balloon, they could imagine ; they had known of such things for a hundred years ; but a heavier than air machine, flying in defiance of wind and gravity ! that they *knew* was nonsense. The would-be aviator was the typical comic inventor. Any fool could laugh at him. Now consider how completely the air is conquered.

And who did it ? Nobody and everybody. Twenty thousand brains or so, each contributing a notion, a device, an amplification. They stimulated one another ; they took off from one another. They were like excited ganglia in a larger brain sending their impulses to and fro. They were people of the most diverse race and colour. You can write down perhaps a hundred people or so who have figured conspicuously in the air, and when you examine the *rôle* they have played, you will find for the most part that they are mere notorieties of the Lindbergh type who have put themselves modestly but firmly in the limelight and can lay no valid claim to any effective contribution whatever. You will find many disputes about records and priority in making this or that particular step, but the lines of suggestion, the growth and elaboration of the idea, have been an altogether untraceable process. It has been going on for not more than a third of a century, under our very eyes, and no one can say precisely how it came about. One man said " Why not this ? " and tried it, and another said " Why not that ? " A vast miscellany of people had one idea in common, an idea as old as Daedalus, the idea that " Man can fly ". Suddenly, swiftly, it *got about*—that is the only phrase you can use—that flying was attainable. And man, man as a social being, turned his mind to it seriously, and flew.

So it will certainly be with the new world order, if ever it is attained. A growing miscellany of people are saying—it is *getting about*—that " World Pax is possible ", a World Pax in which men will be both united and free and creative. It is of no importance at all that nearly every man of fifty and over receives the idea with a pitying smile. Its chief dangers are the dogmatist and the would-be " leader " who will try to suppress every collateral line of work which does not minister to his supremacy. This movement must be, and it must remain,

many-headed. Suppose the world had decided that Santos Dumont or Hiram Maxim was the heaven-sent Master of the Air, had given him the right to appoint a successor and subjected all experiments to his inspired control. We should probably have the Air Master now, with an applauding retinue of yes-men, following the hops of some clumsy, useless and extremely dangerous apparatus across country with the utmost dignity and self-satisfaction. . . .

Yet that is precisely how we still set about our political and social problems.

Bearing this essential fact in mind that the Peace of Man can only be attained, if it is attained at all, by an advance upon a long and various front, at varying speed and with diverse equipment, keeping direction only by a common faith in the impossibility of drawing any picture of the new order as though it was as settled and stable as the old order imagined itself to be. The new order will be incessant; things will never stop happening, and so it defies any Utopian description. But we may nevertheless assemble a number of possibilities that will be increasingly realizable as the tide of disintegration ebbs and the new order is revealed.

To begin with we have to realize certain peculiarities of human behaviour that are all too disregarded in general political speculation. We have considered the very important rôle that may be played in our contemporary difficulties by a clear statement of the Rights of Man, and we have sketched such a Declaration. There is not an item in that Declaration, I believe, which a man will not consider to be a reasonable demand—so far as he himself is concerned. He will subscribe to it in that spirit very readily. But when he is asked not only to subscribe to it as something he has to concede by that same gesture to everybody else in the world, but as something for which he has to make all the sacrifices necessary for its practical realization, he will discover a reluctance to “go so far as that”. He will find a serious resistance welling up from his sub-conscious and trying to justify itself in his thoughts.

The things he will tell you will be very variable; but the word “premature” will play a large part in it. He will display a tremendous tenderness and consideration with which you

have never credited him before, for servants, for workers, for aliens and particularly for aliens of a different colour from himself. They will hurt themselves with all this dangerous liberty. Are they *fit*, he will ask you, for all this freedom? "Candidly, are they fit for it?" He will be slightly offended if you will say "As fit as you are." He will say in a slightly amused tone, "But how *can* you say that?" and then going off rather at a tangent, "I am afraid you idealize your fellow-creatures."

As you press him, you will find this kindness evaporating from his resistance altogether. He is now concerned about the general beauty and loveliness of the world. He will protest that this new Magna Carta will reduce all the world to "a dead level of uniformity". You will ask him why must a world of free-men be uniform and at a dead level? You will get no adequate reply. It is an assumption of vital importance to him and he must cling to it. He has been accustomed to associate "free" and "equal" and has never been bright-minded enough to take these two words apart and have a good look at them separately. He is likely to fall back at this stage upon that Bible of the impotent genteel, Huxley's *Brave New World*, and implore you to read it. You brush that disagreeable fantasy aside and continue to press him. He says that nature has made men unequal, and you reply that that is no reason for exaggerating the fact. The more unequal and various their gifts, the greater is the necessity for a Magna Carta to protect them from one another. Then he will talk of robbing life of the picturesque and the romantic and you will have some difficulty in getting these words defined. Sooner or later it will grow clear that he finds the prospect of a world in which "Jack's as good as his Master" unpleasant to the last degree.

If you still probe him with questions and leading suggestions, you will begin to realize how large a part the *need for glory over his fellows* plays in his composition, (and incidentally you will note, please, your own secret satisfaction in carrying the argument against him). It will become clear to you, if you collate the specimen under examination with the behaviour of children, yourself and the people about you, under what urgent necessity they are for the sense of triumph, of being better and doing better than their fellows, and having it felt and recognized

by some one. It is a deeper steadier impulse than sexual lust ; it is a hunger. It is the clue to the unlovingness of so much sexual life, to sadistic impulses, to avarice, hoarding and endless ungainful cheating and treachery which gives men the sense of getting the better of someone even if they do not get the upper hand.

In the last resort this is why we must have law, and why *Magna Carta* and all its kindred documents set out to defeat human nature in defence of the general happiness. Law is essentially an adjustment of that craving to glory over other living things, to the needs of social life, and it is more necessary in a collectivist society than in any other. It is a bargain, it is a social contract, to do as we would be done by and to repress our extravagant egotisms in return for reciprocal concessions. And in the face of these considerations we have advanced about the true nature of the beast we have to deal with, it is plain that the politics of the sane man as we have reasoned them out, must anticipate a strenuous opposition to this primary vital implement for bringing about the new world order.

I have suggested that the current discussion of " War Aims " may very effectively be transformed into the propaganda of this new Declaration of the Rights of Man. The opposition to it and the attempts that will be made to postpone, mitigate, stifle and evade it, need to be watched, denounced and combatted persistently throughout the world. I do not know how far this Declaration I have sketched can be accepted by a good Catholic, but the Totalitarian pseudo-philosophy insists upon inequality of treatment for " non-Aryans " as a glorious duty. How Communists would respond to its clauses would I suppose depend upon their orders from Moscow. But what are called the " democracies " are supposed to be different, and it would be possible now to make that Declaration a searching test of the honesty and spirit of the leaders and rulers in whom they trust. These rulers can be brought to the point by it, with a precision unattainable in any other fashion.

But the types and characters and authorities and officials and arrogant and aggressive individuals who will boggle at this Declaration and dispute and defy it, do not exhaust the resistance of our unregenerate natures to this implement for the establish-

ment of elementary justice in the world. For a far larger proportion of people among the "democracies" will be found, who will pay it lip service and then set about discovering how, in their innate craving for that sense of superiority and advantage which lies so near the core of our individual wills, they may unobtrusively sabotage it and cheat it. Even if they only cheat it just a little. I am inclined to think this disingenuousness is a universal weakness. I have a real passion for serving the world, but I have a pretty keen disposition to get more pay for my service, more recognition and so on than I deserve. I do not trust myself. I want to be under just laws. We want law because we are all potential law-breakers.

This is a considerable digression into psychology, and I will do no more than glance at how large a part this craving for superiority and mastery has played in the sexual practices of mankind. There we have the ready means for a considerable relief of this egotistical tension in mutual boasting and reassurance. But the motive for this digression here is to emphasise the fact that the generalization of our "War Aims" into a Declaration of Rights, though it will enormously simplify the issue of the war, will eliminate neither open and heartfelt opposition nor endless possibilities of betrayal and sabotage.

Nor does it alter the fact that even when the struggle seems to be drifting definitely towards a world social democracy, there may still be very great delays and disappointments before it becomes an efficient and beneficent world system. Countless people, from maharajas to millionaires and from pukkha sahibs to pretty ladies, will hate the new world order, be rendered unhappy by the frustration of their passions and ambitions through its advent and will die protesting against it. When we attempt to estimate its promise we have to bear in mind the distress of a generation or so of malcontents, many of them quite gallant and graceful-looking people.

And it will be no light matter to minimise the loss of efficiency in the process of changing the spirit and pride of administrative work from that of an investing, high-salaried man with a handsome display of expenditure and a socially ambitious wife, into a relatively less highly-salaried man with a higher standard of self-criticism, aware that he will be esteemed rather by what he

puts into his work than by what he gets out of it. There will be a lot of social spill, tragi-comedy and loss of efficiency during the period of the change over, and it is better to be prepared for that.

Yet after making allowances for these transitional stresses we may still look forward with some confidence to certain phases in the onset of World Order. War or war fear will have led everywhere to the concentration of vast numbers of workers upon munition work and the construction of offensive and defensive structures of all sorts, upon shipping, internal communications, replacement structures, fortifications. There will be both a great accumulation and control of material and constructive machinery and also of hands already growing accustomed to handling it. As the possibility of conclusive victory fades and this war muddle passes out of its distinctively military phase towards revolution, and as some sort of Peace Congress assembles, it will be not only desirable but necessary for governments to turn over these resources and activities to social reconstruction. It will be too obviously dangerous and wasteful to put them out of employment. They must surely have learnt now what unemployment means in terms of social disorganization. Governments will have to lay out the world, plan and build for peace whether they like it or not.

But it will be asked, "Where will you find the credit to do that?" and to answer this question we must reiterate the fact that money is an expedient and not an end. The world will have the material and the hands needed for a reconditioning of its life everywhere. They are all about you now crying out to be used. It is, or at any rate it has been, the function of the contemporary money-credit system to bring worker and material together and stimulate their union. That system always justified its activities on that ground, that is its claim to exist, and if it does not exist for that purpose then for what purpose does it exist and what further need is there for it? If now the financial mechanism will not work, if it confronts us with a *non possumus*, then clearly it resigns its function.

Then it has to get out of the way. It will declare the world has stopped when the truth will be that the City has stopped. It is the counting-house that has gone bankrupt. For a long

time now an increasing number of people have been asking questions about the world counting-house, getting down at last to such fundamental questions as "What is money?" and "Why are Banks?" It is disconcerting but stimulating to find that no lucid answer is forthcoming.

One might have imagined that long before this one of the many great bankers and financial experts in our world would have gone forward with a clear and simple justification for the monetary practices of to-day. He would have shown how completely reasonable and trustworthy this money-credit system was. He would have shown what was temporarily wrong with it and how to set it working again, as the electrician does when the lights go out. He would have released us from our deepening distress about our money in the Bank, our little squirrel hoard of securities, the deflating lifebelt of property that was to assure our independence to the end. No one of that quality comes forward. There is not so much as a latter-day Bagehot. It dawns upon more and more of us that it is not a system at all and never has been a system, that it is an accumulation of conventions, usages, collateral developments and compensatory expedients, which creaks now and sways more and more and gives every sign of a complete and horrifying social collapse.

Most of us have believed up to the last moment that somewhere distributed among the banks and city offices in a sort of world counting-house, there were books of accounts, multitudinous perhaps and intricate, but ultimately proper accounts. Only now is it dawning upon comfortable decent people that the counting-house is in a desperate mess, that codes seem to have been lost, entries made wrong, additions gone astray down the column, records kept in vanishing ink. . . .

For years there has been a great and growing literature about money. It is very various but it has one general characteristic. First there is a swift exposure of the existing system as wrong. Then there is a glib demonstration of a new system which is right. Let this be done or that be done, "let the nation own its own money", says one radio prophet earnestly, repeatedly, simply, and all will be well. These various systems of doctrine run periodicals, organize movements (with coloured shirt complete), meet, demonstrate. They

disregard each other completely and contradict each other flatly. And without exception all these monetary reformers betray signs of extreme mental strain.

The secret trouble in their minds is a gnawing doubt that their own proper "plan", the panacea, is in some subtle and treacherous way likely to fail them if it is put to the test. The internal fight against this intolerable shadow betrays itself in their outer behaviour. Their letters and pamphlets with scarcely an exception, have this much in common with the letters one gets from lunatics, that there is a continual resort to capital letters and abusive terms. They shout out at the slightest provocation or none. They are not so much shouting at the exasperating reader who remains so obstinate when they have been so clear, so clear, as at the sceptical whisper within.

Because there is no perfect money system by itself and there never can be. It is a dream like the *elixir vitae* or perpetual motion. It is in the same order of thought.

Attention has already been drawn, in our examination of Mr. Streit's proposals for *Union Now*, to the fact that money varies in its nature and operations with the theory of property and distribution on which society is based, that in a complete collectivism for example it becomes little more than the check handed to the worker to enable him to purchase whatever he likes from the resources of the community. Every detachment of production or enterprise from collective control (national or cosmopolitan) increases the possible functions of money and so makes a different thing of it. Thus there can be endless species of money—as many types of money as there are types and varieties of social order. Money in Soviet Russia is a different organ from money in Nazi Germany, and that again is different from French or American money. The difference can be as wide as that between lungs and swimming bladders and gills. It is not simply a quantitative difference, as so many people seem to imagine, which can be adjusted by varying the rate of exchange or any such contrivance, it goes deeper, it is a difference in quality and kind. The bare thought of that makes our business and financial people feel uncomfortable and confused and menaced, and they go on moving their bars of gold about from this vault to that, hoping almost beyond hope that no one will say anything

more about it. It worked very well for a time, to go on as though money was the same thing all the world over. They will not admit how that assumption is failing to work now.

Clever people reaped a certain advantage from a more or less definite apprehension of the variable nature of money, but since one could not be a financier or business director without an underlying faith in one's right to profit by one's superior cleverness, there did not seem to be any reason for them to make a public fuss about it. They got their profits and the flats got left.

Directly we grasp this not very obscure truth that there can be, and are, different sorts of money dependent on the economic usages or system in operation, which are not really interchangeable, then it becomes plain that a collectivist world order, whose fundamental law is such a Declaration of Rights as we have sketched, will have to carry on its main, its primary operations at least with a new world money, a specially contrived money, differing in its nature from any sort of money conventions that have hitherto served human needs. It will be issued against the total purchasable output of the community in return for the workers' services to the community. There will be no more reason for going to the City for a loan than for going to the oracle at Delphi for advice about it.

In the phase of social stress and emergency socialization into which we are certainly passing, such a new money may begin to appear quite soon. Governments finding it impossible to resort to the tangled expedients of the financial counting-house, may take a short cut to recuperation, requisition the national resources within their reach and set their unemployed hands to work by means of these new checks. They may carry out international barter arrangements upon an increasing scale. The fact that the counting-house is in a hopeless mess because of its desperate attempts to ignore the protean nature of money, will become more manifest as it becomes less important.

The Stock Exchange and Bank credit and all the arts of loaning and usury and forestalling will certainly dwindle away together as the World Order establishes itself. If and when World Order establishes itself. They will be superseded, like egg-shells and foetal membranes. There is no reason for

denouncing those who devised and worked those methods and institutions as scoundrels and villains. They did honestly according to their lights. They were a necessary part of the process of getting *Homo sapiens* out of his cave and down from his tree. And gold, that lovely heavy stuff, will be released from its vaults and hiding places for the use of the artist and technician—probably at a price considerably below the present quotations.

Our attempt to forecast the coming World Order is framed then in an immense and increasing spectacle of constructive activity. We can anticipate a rapid transfiguration of the face of the earth as its population is distributed and re-distributed in accordance with the shifting requirements of economic production,

It is not only that there is what is called a housing shortage in nearly every region of the earth, but most of the existing accommodation, by modern standards, is unfit for human occupation. There is scarcely a city in the world, the new world as well as the old, which does not need to have half its dwelling-places destroyed. Perhaps Stockholm, reconditioned under a Socialist *régime*, may claim to be an exception; Vienna was doing hopefully until its spirit was broken by Dollfuss and the Catholic reaction. For the rest, behind a few hundred main avenues and prospects, sea and river fronts, capitols, castles and the like, filthy slums and rookeries cripple childhood and degrade and devitalize its dulled elders. You can hardly say people are born into such surroundings; they are only half born.

With the co-operation of the press and the cinema it would be easy to engender a world-wide public interest and enthusiasm for the new types of home and fitment that are now attainable by everyone. Here would be an outlet for urban and regional patriotism, for local shame and pride and effort. Here would be stuff to argue about. Wherever men and women have been rich enough, powerful enough and free enough, their thoughts have turned to architecture and gardening. Here would be a new incentive to travel, to see what other towns and countrysides were doing. The common man on his holidays would do what the English milord of the seventeenth century did; he would make his Grand Tour and come back from his journeys with

architectural drawings and notions for home application. And this building and rebuilding would be a continuing process, a sustained employment, going on from good to better, as the economic forces shifted and changed with new discoveries and men's ideas expanded.

It is doubtful in a world of rising needs and standards if many people would want to live in manifestly old houses, any more than they would want to live in old clothes. Except in a few country places where ancient buildings have wedded themselves happily to some local loveliness and become quasi-natural things, or where some great city has shown a brave façade to the world, I doubt if there will be much to preserve. In such large open countries as the United States there has been a considerable development of the mobile home in recent years. People haul a trailer-home behind their cars and become seasonal nomads. . . . But there is no need to expatiate further in a limitless wealth of possibilities. Thousands of those who have been assisting in the monstrous clumsy evacuations and shiftings of population that have been going on recently, must have had their imaginations stirred by dim realization of how much better all this might be done, if it were done in a new spirit and with a different intention. There must be a multitude of young and youngish people quite ripe for infection by this idea of cleaning up and re-settling the world. Young men who are now poring over war maps and planning annexations and strategic boundaries, fresh Maginot lines, new Gibraltars and Dardanelles may presently be scheming the happy and healthy distribution of routes and residential districts in relation to this or that important region of world supply for oil or wheat or water-power. It is essentially the same type of cerebration, better employed.

Considerations of this sort are sufficient to supply a background of hopeful activities to our prospective world order. But we are not all architects and gardeners; there are many types of minds and many of those who are training or being trained for the skilled co-operations of warfare and the development of a combatant morale, may be more disposed to go on with definitely educational work. In that way they can most easily gratify the craving for power and honourable service. They will face a world in extreme need of more teachers and fresh-

mindful and inspiring teachers at that. At every level of educational work from the kindergarten to the research laboratory, and in every part of the world from Capricornia to Alaska and from the Gold Coast to Japan, there will be need of active workers to bring minds into harmony with the new order and to work out, with all the labour-saving and multiplying apparatus available, cinema, radio, cheap books and pictures and all the rest of it, the endless new problems of human liaison that will arise. There we have a second line of work along which millions of young people may escape the stagnation and frustration which closed in upon their predecessors as the old order drew to its end.

A sturdy and assertive variety of the new young will be needed for the police work of the world. They will be more disposed for authority and less for teaching or creative activities than their fellows. The old proverb will still hold for the new order that it takes all sorts to make a world, and the alternative to driving this type of temperament into conspiracy and fighting it and, if you can, suppressing it, is to employ it, win it over, trust it, and give it law behind it to respect and enforce. They want a loyalty and this loyalty will find its best use and satisfaction in the service of world order. I have remarked in the course of such air travel as I have done, that the airmen of all nations have a common resemblance to each other and that the patriotic virus in their blood is largely corrected by a wider professionalism. At present the outlook before a young airman is to perish in a spectacular dog-fight before he is five and twenty. I wonder how many of them really rejoice in that prospect.

It is not unreasonable to anticipate the development of an *ad hoc* disarmament police which will have its greatest strength in the air. How easily the spirit of an air police can be de-nationalized is shown by the instance of the air patrols on the United States—Canadian border, to which President Roosevelt drew my attention. There is a lot of smuggling along that border and the planes now play an important part in its suppression. At first the United States and Canada had each their own planes. Then in a wave of common sense, the two services were pooled. Each plane now carries a United States

and a Canadian customs officer. When contraband is spotted the plane comes down on it and which officer acts is determined by the destination of the smuggled goods. There we have a pattern for a world struggling through federation to collective unity. An *ad hoc* disarmament police with its main strength in the air would necessarily fall into close co-operation with the various other world police activities. In a world where criminals can fly anywhere, the police must be able to fly anywhere too. Already we have a world-wide network of competent men fighting the white slave traffic, the drug traffic and so forth. The thing begins already.

All this I write to provide imaginative material for those who see the coming order as a mere blank interrogation. People talk much nonsense about the disappearance of incentive under socialism. The exact opposite is the truth. It is the obstructive appropriation of natural resources by private ownership that robs the prosperous of incentive and the poor of hope. Our Declaration of Human Rights assures a man the proper satisfaction of all his elementary needs *in kind*, and nothing more. If he wants more than that he will have to work for it, and the healthier he is and the better he is fed and housed, the more bored he will be by inactivity and the more he will want something to do. I am suggesting what he is likely to do in general terms, and that is as much as one can do now. We can talk about the broad principles upon which these matters will be handled in a consolidating world socialism, but we can scarcely venture to anticipate the detailed forms, the immense richness and variety of expression, an ever-increasing number of intelligent people will impose upon these primary ideas.

But there is one more structural suggestion that it may be necessary to bring into our picture. So far as I know it was first broached by that very bold and subtle thinker, Professor William James, in a small book entitled *The Moral Equivalent of War*. He pointed out the need there might be for a conception of duty, side by side with the idea of rights, that there should be something in the life of every citizen, man or woman alike, that should give him at once a sense of personal obligation to the World State and personal ownership in the World State. He brought that into relation with the fact that there will remain in

any social order we can conceive, a multitude of necessary services which by no sort of device can be made attractive as normal life-long occupations. He was not thinking so much of the fast-vanishing problem of mechanical toil as of such irksome tasks as the prison warder's, the asylum attendant's; the care of the aged and infirm, nursing generally, health and sanitary services, a certain residuum of clerical routine, dangerous exploration and experiment. No doubt human goodness is sufficient to supply volunteers for many of these things, but are the rest of us entitled to profit by their devotion? His solution is universal conscription for a certain period of the adult life. The young will have to do so much service and take so much risk for the general welfare as the world commonweal requires. They will be able to do these jobs with the freshness and vigour of those who know they will presently be released, and who find their honour in a thorough performance; they will not be subjected to that deadening temptation to self-protective slacking and mechanical insensitiveness, which assails all who are thrust by economic necessity into these callings for good and all.

It is quite possible that a certain percentage of these conscripts may be caught by the interest of what they are doing; the asylum attendant may decide to specialize in psychotherapeutic work; the hospital nurse succumb to that curiosity which underlies the great physiologist; the Arctic worker may fall in love with his snowy wilderness. . . .

One other leading probability of a collectivist world order has to be noted here, and that is an enormous increase in the pace and amount of research and discovery. I write research, but by that I mean that double-barrelled attack upon ignorance, the biological attack and the physical attack, that is generally known as "Science". "Science" comes to us from those Academic Dark Ages when men had to console themselves for their ignorance by pretending that there was a limited amount of knowledge in the world, and little chaps in caps and gowns strutted about, bachelors who knew a passable lot, masters who knew a tremendous lot and doctors in crimson gowns who knew all that there was to be known. Now it is manifest that none of us knows very much, and the more we look into what we

think we know, the more hitherto undetected things we shall find lurking in our assumptions.

Hitherto this business of research, which we call the "scientific world", has been in the hands of very few workers indeed. I throw out the suggestion that in our present-day world, of all the brains capable of great and masterful contributions to "scientific" thought and achievement, brains of the quality of Lord Rutherford's, or Darwin's or Mendel's or Freud's or Leonardo's or Galileo's, not one in a thousand, not one in a score of thousands, ever gets born into such conditions as to realize its opportunities. The rest never learn a civilized language, never get near a library, never have the faintest chance of self-realization, never hear the call. They are under-nourished, they die young, they are mis-used. And of the millions who would make good useful eager secondary research workers and explorers, not one in a million is utilized.

But now consider how things will be if we had a stirring education ventilating the whole world, and if we had a systematic and continually more competent search for exceptional mental quality and a continually more extensive net of opportunity for it. Suppose a quickening public mind implies an atmosphere of increasing respect for intellectual achievement and a livelier criticism of imposture. What we call scientific progress to-day would seem a poor, hesitating, uncertain advance in comparison with what would be happening under these happier conditions.

The progress of research and discovery has produced such brilliant and startling results in the past century and a half that few of us are aware of the small number of outstanding men who have been concerned in it, and how the minor figures behind these leaders trail off into a following of timid and ill-provided specialists who dare scarcely stand up to a public official on their own ground. This little army, this "scientific world" of to-day numbering I suppose from head to tail, down to the last bottle-washer, not a couple of hundred thousand men, will certainly be represented in the new world order by a force of millions, better equipped, amply co-ordinated, free to question, able to demand opportunity. Its best will be no better than our best, who could not be better, but they will be far more numerous, and its rank and file, explorers, prospectors, experimental

team workers and an encyclopædic host of classifiers and co-ordinators and interpreters, will have a vigour, a pride and confidence that will make the laboratories of to-day seem halfway back to the alchemist's den.

Can one doubt that the "scientific world" will break out in this way when the revolution is achieved, and that the development of man's power over nature and over his own nature and over this still unexplored planet, will undergo a continual acceleration as the years pass? No man can guess beforehand what doors will open then nor upon what wonderlands.

These are some fragmentary intimations of the quality to that wider life, a new world order can open to mankind. I will not speculate further about them because I would not have it said that this book is Utopian or "Imaginative" or anything of that sort. I have set down nothing that is not strictly reasonable and practicable. It is the soberest of books and the least original of books. I think I have written enough to show that it is impossible for world affairs to remain at their present level. Either mankind collapses or our species struggles up to the hard yet fairly obvious routes I have collated in this book, to reach a new level of social organization. There can be little question of the abundance, excitement and vigour of living that awaits our children upon that upland. If it is attained. There is no doubting their degradation and misery if it is not.

There is nothing really novel about this book. But there has been a certain temerity in bringing together facts that many people have avoided bringing together for fear they might form an explosive mixture. Maybe they will. They may blast through some obstinate mental barriers. In spite of that explosive possibility, that explosive necessity, it may be, this remains essentially an assemblage, digest and encouragement of now prevalent but still hesitating ideas. It is a plain statement of the revolution to which reason points an increasing number of minds, but which they still lack resolution to undertake. In *The Fate of Homo sapiens* I have stressed the urgency of the case. Here I have assembled the things they can and need to do. They had better summon up their resolution.

(Concluded)

The New World Order is published in book form by Messrs. Secker & Warburg

EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

AT the beginning of a fateful year it is well to measure what has ebbed, and where the tide flows strong; I do not see what should dishearten men of good will. In Finland there is valiant "repulse of the invading sea"; since the Boer war of forty years ago there has been no such example of what a small people, trained to use their natural advantages, can do against a great Power; and it is at least not certain that the Finns will be left to succumb slowly under the accumulating weight of opposition—as must happen when the conditions of weather change, unless help comes. But General January and General February will be good protectors and many things may happen when spring comes—and before that.

**Facing the
Issue**

During those months the Western front can be only an exercising ground—valuable doubtless for the Germans, but not less for their opponents, and above all for the new British levies—among whom will be mixed some proportion of those troops from overseas whose repute stood so high in the last conflict. This is going to be, for the Allies, a much less wasteful war than the last. Some people incline to grumble because there is nothing happening; but thousands of us who spent more than one Christmas in muddy trenches, and made preparation for costly raids, are thankful for the lack of news, and for stray reports of much comfort in the Maginot line.

Meanwhile the seas of the world are open and there Germany and Great Britain (well assisted by France) are straining their resources. What happened at the River Plate set the prestige of British genius for naval warfare higher perhaps than it stood at any time between 1914 and 1918. It was magnificent and inspiring; yet I do not know but there is more remarkable valour in the crews of these little vessels that go out to sweep

for mines—or to trawl for fish. The German aircraft try, ruthlessly, to drive unarmed fishermen off the seas; it is an attack on *morale*, and since everything that destroys is now adopted as legitimate in war one must only pray that it fails, and if it fails, thank heaven for the longshoremen's courage. It will not be amiss, also, to see that the catch which they bring to land out of such danger finds a ready and profitable market. Buying fish is one of the best ways to help the war effort.

* * * * *

One fact which has not been fully recognized gets some underlining in the American quarterly *Foreign Affairs* where Mr. Allen Dulles writes of "Cash and Carry
American Neutrality". After the last war, the United States decided to establish a parity of naval strength with Great Britain, which, since the demands on America's fleets were greatly less than those involved by the conditions of the British Commonwealth, meant that the United States possessed ultimate supremacy of sea power. This power is not to be used. Since insistence on the rights to trade or travel might involve the assertion of them by force, America has decided to abandon them. American ships under their own flag are forbidden to enter the "zone of combat" which is defined as extending from Bergen in the north of Norway to the north coast of Spain; American citizens are barred from crossing it without special permit; and they are absolutely forbidden to travel on any vessel belonging to a belligerent. Within this zone therefore—a handsome stretch, both in latitude and longitude—Germany can break whatever established rules she pleases (if there are any rules left) without incurring risk from the resentment of the United States. The strongest naval power in the world resigns to Europe the task of policing the seas; and to this very considerable extent it strengthens the hand of Germany in Germany's attempt to abolish all security of navigation. England and France, which control the sea roads, profit by the fact that they can purchase from America whatever they can pay for and carry at their own risk. But in the task of dealing with what is purely destructive, and lurks below the surface of the water, they get no help.

Germany knows that whatever neutrals she may damage will be neutrals not strong enough to strike back. Thus the horror of war has withdrawn half of civilization from its legitimate task of protecting civilization. To that extent pacifism has made progress, and piracy is the gainer. It is true that if American trade were conducted in American vessels there probably would be collision between American claims and the law enforced by Anglo-French blockade; so that Germany, without appearing on the surface of the seas, might bring about a state of hostility between America and those belligerents whose purpose America avowedly approves. This foreseen danger is avoided through America's surrender of rights—but avoided at a price: probably the price is worth paying, but we are all driven back on the question whether if Germany's action (both by sea and land) is piracy, any civilized state is justified in refusing to intervene against it. Since formal condemnation by international public opinion has failed to prevent what civilization regards as crimes, is not united action on behalf of civilization necessary?

* * * * *

Many considerations that bear on this topic are discussed with much lucidity in Professor E. H. Carr's book *The Twenty*

**Years of
Crisis**

Years' Crisis. He begins by saying that since the last war everybody has become interested in international politics—not unnaturally, since

the man in the street realizes how closely they are connected with his chances of being bombed, or called out to fight. Previously, such matters were left to professionals: but after 1918 the man in the street found himself discontented with the result; a new machinery was set up to deal with them, and there were high expectations from the League of Nations. That machinery has failed, by general consent, and Professor Carr points out, justly, that its whole basis was "utopian". He quotes Sir John Simon for the opinion "that when public opinion, world opinion, is sufficiently unanimous to pronounce a firm moral condemnation, sanctions are not needed". That was spoken in 1932, with regard to Japan and Manchukuo: Italy's attack on Abyssinia followed, with a demonstration that even 'sanctions' were not effective. Those who expressed

their 'firm moral condemnation' of Italy's action had, Mr. Carr says, not made sufficient allowance for the element of power, which in realistic politics cannot be excluded. There is however the question whether too much concession may not be made to this factor. Those who pronounced for sanctions had the power to stop Italy—certainly at considerable risk; but it is arguable whether it would not have been in the end wiser and cheaper to take the risk.

For after that demonstration of defiance with impunity, power ran amok. Italy and Germany did as they pleased in Spain, Germany occupied the Rhineland and then came the seizure of Austria. Pledges were hardly even scraps of paper, and all over Europe, the democracies appeared to be on the run. Yet in England, and even in France, war was still felt to be an excessive remedy for a violation of those clauses in the Treaty of Versailles which forbade Germany to fortify German territory, and forbade one German state to join up with another. In so far as these prohibitions had been part of a Utopian settlement, Utopianism had been merely what Professor Carr calls "a disguise for the interests of the privileged powers". But when Czechoslovakia was threatened, something different was at stake. Limiting his criticism of "utopian" thinking, Professor Carr observes: "It is a basic fact about human nature that human beings do in the long run reject the doctrine that might makes right." He recognizes the existence of "an international stock of common ideas, however limited, and however weakly held, to which appeal can be made, and of a belief that these common ideas stand somehow in the scale of values above national interests. This stock of common ideas," he says, "is what we mean by international morality." I should prefer to put it shorter. The idea of justice is common to humanity.

* * / * *

Now for the Czech people the image of Justice was their national existence, an ideal cherished through centuries of enserfment. Adapted to its environment, it had not time to be. But when Professor Carr says "The liberal democracies scattered throughout the world by the peace settlement of 1919 were the product of abstract theory, struck no roots in the soil, and quickly shrivelled

**The Idea of
Justice**

away", he says what Europe knows to be untrue in regard to Czechoslovakia. A thriving state was cut down and stamped upon; whether the roots are destroyed, time must show. But so far as murder of one nation by another could be done, it was done then, and both France and England found themselves something like unwilling accomplices before the fact. Then Poland followed; but this time, the case was foreseen. Yet France with England could only give warning of retribution if the deed should be done. We are now engaged in the endeavour to make good the promise of that warning—for it was a promise no less than a threat.

Mankind learns slowly, and it may be utopian to foresee a settlement under which even the smallest state in Europe can exist no less securely than Switzerland or Holland has existed, with its own moderate provision of defence. Yet in the time of the Wars of the Roses, or in the day of Jeanne d'Arc, it would have been even more utopian to imagine the England or the France that we to-day take for granted. Such realized utopias are the result of political action, to which, as Professor Carr rightly urges, both the utopian and the realist must contribute. Since we can base no stable order on the unaided force of world opinion, then the leaders of the European world must be prepared to maintain with power whatever they establish as answering to their sense of justice. The alternative for Europe is disagreeably apparent. How far beyond Europe, the European sense of justice could operate must depend on the co-operation of those European communities which live outside of Europe. We can count, at present, on their applause, if we maintain our conceptions of justice, even by the barbarous methods of war, and be thankful that their consciences will allow them to sell aeroplanes (on receipt of cash) for us to carry, —amongst other destinations, to the Finns.

On behalf of the FORTNIGHTLY, I may be allowed to say an affectionate farewell to 'Cornhill' whose long series is now ended. Many a young author had cause to be grateful to it: Stevenson chief of them, for through it under Leslie Stephen's editorship he became known to lovers of literature, long before he was a best seller. The world of writers was deeply in debt to its

**"Cornhill"
Memories**

publisher, George Smith, and though his greater gift to letters was the Dictionary of National Biography, I associate him even more closely with the Magazine. If there is anywhere a literary Valhalla, he surely has a comfortable seat there, with a warm atmosphere of welcome about it. 'Cornhill' dinners in old days were great occasions: I came away from my first with E. V. Lucas, who complained that it ought to have been serialized and eaten in instalments. But we did not tax our generous hosts with vain expense; that largeness suited an age which (as Dean Inge has been saying in this REVIEW) had a spacious splendour and genial culture—of which *Cornhill* was an excellent expression. Alas for all that is gone: Longmans, Temple Bar, Macmillan's and now Cornhill. Only Blackwood survives of those old fashioned literary monthlies—long may it flourish.

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December 19th, 1939

DEAR SIRS,

Capricornia is certainly one of the most important books of this year and I think the best written and finest spirited novel that has ever come out of Australia. The story is rich, varied and eventful; few readers will leave it unfinished. It deals with one of the profoundest and most moving of human problems, the intermixture of races. It is alive with that life which deep indignation, resentment and pity can give and yet, in spite of the warm pulse of feeling in it, Herbert never loses his artistic control. So far as I know, this great book is the first picture ever made of that strange North Queensland of bush, plantation and sea, sunlit and fecund, in which English, Scotch, Irish, Germans, mingle their blood with Japanese, Javanese, Chinese, and the fine handed, deep feeling Australian black.

Very sincerely yours,

H. G. WELLS.

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THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

THE GOOD FIGHT

By ELIZABETH WISKEMANN.

HITLER SPEAKS, by Hermann Rauschning. *Thornton Butterworth.* 10s. 6d.

OUR WAR AIMS, by Wickham Steed. *Secker and Warburg.* 3s. 6d.

FOR WHAT DO WE FIGHT, by Sir Norman Angell. *Hamish Hamilton.* 6s.

Dr. Rauschning's new book is perhaps the most telling answer imaginable to those who feel uncertain why we are at war. One may be exceedingly critical of Dr. Rauschning's new method of reconstructing conversations which took place six years or more ago. One may even ask how much confidence a man deserves who, upon his own showing, condoned so much iniquity for so long. But these objections are by no means insuperable. The idea that the savage beast of Hitlerism could be tamed, and should on no account be provoked, was as prevalent among conservatives in Germany as it became among politicians in Great Britain and France. If they have all been slow to face the truth, they do not therefore deserve to be condemned as dishonest. The melodramatic finish of *Hitler Speaks*, though it is not inconsistent with medical diagnoses of the *Führer's* condition, is, I think, superfluous, but the main tenor of Nazi discussion is undoubtedly true,

according, as it does, with all kinds of independent evidence. It is a forceful presentation, more accessible to the general public than Dr. Rauschning's earlier work, of the Nazis' deification of force, their Satanic *mystique*, their passion for conquest and above all, their determination to reintroduce slavery, with all the Slavs they can reach as their serfs. To those who read this book it will become fairly clear that we are fighting to be delivered from evil.

Mr. Wickham Steed devotes a good deal of attention to the historical background of National Socialism, and particularly to Fichte whose importance is seldom appreciated in England. For it was Fichte, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, who declared that (in Mr. Steed's words) "A people which, like the German, has remained true to Nature can, however, if it finds its own homeland too small, gain more space by conquering the territories of its neighbours and driving out their inhabitants . . . or it can raid its neighbours, taking from them every thing worth having, and bringing back their inhabitants as slaves . . ." How little difference, whether it be Fichte or Hitler who speaks.

Both Mr. Steed and Sir Norman Angell are primarily concerned to explain what we mean this time when

we make the traditional claim to be fighting for freedom, and it is interesting to observe the deep conviction of so old and honourable a pacifist as Sir Norman that the traditional claim is justified to-day as it never was before. He believes that, far from scorning ideologies, we must have a conscious creed, and he defines this as a belief in "the right of each member of a society, whether that member be nation or person, to protection from violence, from killing, from extinction; or from the threat of those things as the only alternative to another's lawless will." "It has been Britain's genius in the past," Sir Norman writes, "to recognize that 'force belongs to the constitution alone'"; to-day she must fight for this principle in international affairs.

Mr. Steed and Sir Norman Angell both conclude in favour of some kind of federation. Mr. Steed particularly emphasizes the necessity for every adherent to the world organization of the future to renounce "not only the making of war as an instrument of national policy but also the sovereign right to be neutral towards any such war-maker." Above all, as Sir Norman also insists, the nations must hang together if they do not wish to hang separately, and follow the example of the North American States which were long ago successfully united. Sir Norman points out how much harm is done by the spreading propagation of the notion that the British Empire is a great imperial unit; even we ourselves do not fully appreciate its decentralized federal qualities which may make it a very fitting nucleus for a world federation. He would have us offer federal membership within it to non-British

states like Denmark and Sweden; he advocates some kind of Franco-British federalism at once.

It is possible to criticize both these books with regard to one or two details—Sir Norman Angell's bold assertion, for instance, that a movement against Hitler is already beginning in Germany. Finnish resistance to Russia has made them both a little out-of-date in their comments on Russia, though Mr. Steed's chapter on 'the Russian enigma' remains interesting. The main criticism to be made is that, while both writers are intensely aware of the need for a clear brief statement of why we are fighting our second war against Germany this century, in fact, for the purpose, they both have too much to say and may therefore find themselves in danger of preaching mainly to the converted.

UNDECLARED WAR, by Elizabeth Wiskemann. *Constable*. 12s.

HITLER'S ROUTE TO BAGDAD, by Barbara Ward, the Hon. Barbara Buckmaster, Clare Hollingworth, Vandeleur Robinson, Lilo Linke. *Allen & Unwin*. 10s. 6d.

Of the many metaphors which hard-pressed writers have called into use to describe Germany's unceasing pressure (*Dynamik* the Nazis call it) none is more apt than that of the German octopus (the title of a chatty work by an American, Henry C. Wolfe, in 1938). The tentacles extend everywhere in Europe, but particularly south-east, and the little fish are in a perpetual state of commotion in consequence. Here are two books mercifully free from the customary indignation and snap judgments as to Nazidom as such—

two books which really present the situation as seen from the side of the little fish. They are both informative and well-written, and the reader can take his choice according to whether his (or her) preference is for a work of art or a compendium of knowledge. It is virtually an all-women cast—which is, I suppose, a portent: if this sort of thing goes on the mere male will soon be reduced to chicken-farming!

Miss Wiskemann's title is well chosen. Those who consider war these days exclusively in terms of blood and slaughter are just old-fashioned: and the German expansionists have, of course, been remorselessly pursuing their aim of hegemony over the whole European continent—and beyond—ever since the Allies, and particularly Britain, abdicated, so to speak, from the *European* responsibilities which the outcome of the first German war imposed upon them. Elizabeth Wiskemann, whether writing of Hungary, Rumania, Yugoslavia or 'Poles, Ukrainians and Balts', has first-hand experience to draw upon, and it is that, *plus* a considerable artistic sense and a sly humour, which breathes life abundantly into her study. An introductory section—of five pages only—focussing the conditions of territorial confusion and perversion of the nationalistic idea in this part of Europe, which "have thus provided magnificent material for the nihilism of the Nazis", is particularly brilliant.

In Hungary we witness the gradual gripping of the tentacles, as the Magyar ruling elements, in their caste-blindness, doing everything to encourage revisionism and neglecting social reform, played the Nazis' game. Too late they realized where this com-

plaisance led; and even then, as Miss Wiskemann observes, "their growing hostility to Hitler's Reich is restrained by the advantages Dr. Schacht and his successors offered them"—as wheat-exporters, specifically. The Nazi tricksters, primarily propagandists without principles, are adept at playing upon entirely contradictory ideas and impulses. And they have certainly made headway with their efforts to destroy Hungarian industry or else get it under direct German control. In Rumania, too, "the new German scowl"—Miss Wiskemann's theme is Europe after the Munich Agreement—seems to have been very effective. I am glad to see that she is not taken in by British official pooh-pooing of the German-Rumanian Trade Treaty of March, 1939.

In Yugoslavia, on the other hand, despite the many adverse influences, there are notable "signs of incorrigible health". The students of Belgrade showed, for instance, on the occasion of Matcek's visit in October, 1937, that they are still on the side of democracy against the all-pervading authoritarian *régimes*—the only university circles east of Switzerland, by the way, that have "rejected the obscurantisms fostered by post-war disillusionment". Miss Barbara Ward in the 'compendium' book takes a more favourable view of Dr. Stoyadinovic's policy—which, naturally, infuriated the kind of people Miss Wiskemann was likely to meet. It is not simply, I think, a case of distance lending enchantment—one feels that Miss Wiskemann is not so much at home among the Slavs. Where she is at her happiest is in her analysis of the forces at work in Switzerland and the robust democracy of the federal

system. A concluding chapter pithily indicating the sundry devices of the Nazi technique rounds off a splendid piece of work.

The contributions to 'Hitler's Route to Bagdad' are equally meritorious, with that of Lilo Linke on Turkey perhaps the best piece of writing. What Clare Hollingworth has to say, incidentally, in her section on Bulgaria, about the disinclination of the British dwellers in the Balkans to mix with the 'natives' is, of course, a true bill—and one of the chief reasons for our continual loss of ground. Is it *hauteur*, shyness or just downright stupidity?

W. HORSFALL CARTER.

TESTAMENT OF FRIENDSHIP, by Vera Brittain. *Macmillan*. 10s. 6d.

The trend of this book is implicit in the title. It is not *Winifred Holtby*, a biography, but *Testament of Friendship*, the story of a relationship. The relationship began at Oxford, and retained, as does the book, an undergraduate flavour. Vera and Winifred in spite of the interruptions of the adult world, husband, children, careers, family, social work, were able to go on with the college life, living in the same house, working side by side, sharing their triumphs and comforting one another in their defeats. The friendship retained to the last the glow and the generosity that belong to undergraduate friendships, they were always wonderful people to each other, and wonderful writers. The glow, the generosity and the ardent affection are in every line of this book, and like the brandy in plum pudding, keep the mass of sentimental and undisciplined verbiage from going bad.

It is inevitable that Winifred, as she

emerges from the portrait, should be Winifred as one person saw her, and that other relationships should dwindle in importance and recede, her relationship, for instance, with her mother, a woman in her own way as notable as Winifred, who stood for very much more in her daughter's life than this book would give us to think. It is inevitable that this should be one view of a personality remarkable for its many sides. It does not follow that the view is the least true, or the less interesting. No one else could have known so much of the intimate life or of the private heart.

It has been said that Winifred was the first of the "new women" enjoying their emancipation without having been warped by any share in the struggle for it. To me, who doubt if either men or women are as new as all that, it seems that she was the type of the two decades that divided the two wars. She embodied the hopes and aspirations of the post-war world, its social conscience, its nobility of intention, its trust in societies and committees, good works and good will, its pacifism that was to fade as the post-war world found itself becoming pre-war, its internationalism that was a dream obscuring the growth of the most acute nationalism, its socialism that was not deep rooted enough to stand against the backwash of reaction. But no one is just a type, and Miss Brittain has certainly succeeded in evoking a person, a generous, unselfish and gracious woman, much loved, unsparing of herself, full of kindness, vitality, courage and intelligence, more important, perhaps, as a personality than as a writer and leaving a far greater gap than most people can hope to do in the lives of their friends.

LETTICE COOPER.

PRELUDE TO VICTORY, by Brigadier-General E. L. Spears, C.B., C.B.E., M.C., M.P. *Cape*. 18s.

General Spears's method of writing history is to bring the searchlight of reason and intelligence to bear on a single phase of a wider subject, and by so doing to illuminate the whole. That he does so most successfully is beyond question and *Prelude to Victory*, a study of the first three and a half months of 1917, in France, is an absorbing story and a most important document.

As Liaison Officer General Spears knew, probably, as much of the difficulties and the imponderables of war as any other man. In those months, which preceded the victory of Arras and the tragedy of the Aisne, he learned to fear many things, and among them the obstinate character of General Nivelle, the interference of the politicians, the weather, the lack of proper preparation for the big attack, and above all his premonition, only too well founded, that changed circumstances had destroyed all hope of victory.

The narrative begins with the fall of Joffre and the introduction of General Nivelle as Commander-in-Chief at the end of 1916. General Nivelle's success at Verdun was to prove the fatal precedent for the Aisne. As the tale unfolds and the attempts of the politicians and the French to place Sir Douglas Haig under General Nivelle's orders become apparent, the quarrel behind the lines grows bitter and alarming. After the Calais Conference Sir Douglas was not prepared to involve himself in discussions hateful to a soldier, but General Robertson, whose fine character is brilliantly described, fought hard for the British Army. By the date of the attack relations had

improved between Haig and Nivelle, but by this time Nivelle's own generals were extremely sceptical of the chances of success. The conference at Compiègne was called and after a most difficult day it was decided to attack. General Nivelle's only fear was that he would be unable to come to grips with the enemy!

The chief lesson of General Spears's story is the old one that man finds it difficult to admit his mistakes and that once he has determined on a course, he hazards his personal reputation which is, too often, his dearest possession. The book is an *exposé* of war, of leaders, blindly leading, and men blindly though courageously following.

JOHN ARMITAGE.

DOWN STREAM, by Leonard Mosley.

Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.

WHEN FREEDOM SHRIEKED, by

Rothay Reynolds. *Gollancz*. 10s. 6d.

In the days of long ago the boys of Britain had books written for them by Henty, Kingston, Ballantyne and others. The successors of these gentlemen have had their field invaded by those who chronicle the simple facts of our modern Europe. Neither of these two thrilling books have to do with the present war, but the conditions which they place before us, the prelude of war, do not leave much for the writers of fiction. These pages are alive with adventure and—believe them or not—they are all perfectly true.

Mr. Mosley, dashing like another crusader across Europe, has usually been accompanied by another very cool and competent journalist, his Scottish wife. What happened to them on the French boat, captained by a most amorous and most capable Breton, when Franco's warship tried to capture

the small vessel ; the terrific experience they had in Eger, between the Czechs and the Sudete Germans you will read with envious absorption, for not only were they in the centre of historic events but Mr. Mosley has described them in a way that could not be bettered. Here we have the unspeakable Streicher in quite a jovial mood, here the most sinister perhaps of the gang, Heinrich Himmler, is admirably placed before us. Mr. Mosley is right in believing that if Hitler retires, of his own free will or otherwise, Goering will only succeed him if Himmler, head of the Gestapo, is willing. It was being said more than a year ago in Germany that Himmler has made all the necessary arrangements and that . . . but now perhaps it will more resemble the last act of *Hamlet*. Mr. Mosley is a valuable witness to the extreme forbearance of the Czech authorities in the Sudete regions, of which, by the way, I was also a witness. When Czechoslovakia is restored the Sudete districts which cannot be separated for economic reasons from the parts left to the Czechs after Munich, will return to Czechoslovakia by the will also of the majority of the inhabitants, after their experience of living for a few months in the Third Reich.

The iniquities of the Nazis are somewhat familiar to most of us by this time, but it is well that a highly trained observer like Mr. Rothay Reynolds, who managed to endure the life in Berlin from 1921 to 1939, has given us the noxious details in all their grimness. He is well acquainted personally with Hitler and his diagnoses of the various Nazi confederates are of great interest. He might have added that Ernst Toller was alas ! found dead some months ago

in his New York hotel, and he is apparently not aware that Van der Lubbe, decapitated on account of the Reichstag fire, had spent his last few days with the Nazis, who were egging on the poor half-wit to accomplish what he thought would be a splendid exploit. But anyone who reads Mr. Reynolds's book will be extraordinarily well informed with regard to the ghastliness of the Nazi régime. No doubt it has to its credit the building of roads, the provision of holidays for many Germans in Italy (where they have not been very welcome) and so forth, but we need not complain because in this book these things are not fully entered upon, for they have been achieved at the price of destroying every atom of freedom—except for the self-elected leaders of the party—while the encouragement given to the baser passions of the S.S., the Black Guards and such organizations has provided the civilized nations of the world with a most arduous task when they, in the years after the war, will have to lead back the German people to the culture of other days.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

MAHAN, by Captain W. D. Puleston.
Cape. 15s.

Few men have exercised such a profound influence upon their generation as the great American naval historian and discoverer of "Sea Power", Mahan, whose gospel came so opportunely to inspire the struggle of rival imperialisms at the turning of the century. Behind the message the man himself almost disappeared even to his contemporaries and to-day, when his writings are no longer read he is hardly more than a name. Perhaps this fascinating story

of the man may help to turn interest again to the lessons he left us, now that the force of events has brought us face to face once more with those vital problems which he was the first clearly and consciously to analyse and formulate.

Captain Puleston has certainly spared no pains to produce the standard biography of Mahan and to collect every scrap of evidence that could in any way throw light upon his life and work. The list of family members, friends and colleagues, whom he consulted in person, is truly imposing; even more important is the fact that he has been able to bring together almost the whole of Mahan's correspondence, including his letters to Theodore Roosevelt and to Ivor Maxse of the *National Review*. These throw a remarkable light upon his attitude towards outstanding contemporary political issues in general and Great Britain in particular. Captain Puleston's zeal has not even stopped from inducing the ex-Kaiser to try—though in vain—to trace his own private copies of Mahan's works with their copious marginal comments, while a study on Clausewitz from Mahan's own library, by the under-scorings he made in it, has yielded valuable information as to his attitude towards his great predecessor.

The picture of Mahan's life which thus emerges from his pen is incomparably richer than that first drawn exactly twenty years ago by Carlisle Taylor. The prevalent impression, fostered by Mahan's own fascinating but not very reliable autobiography *From Sail to Steam*, had been that his great conception of the Influence of Sea Power on History had come to

him like a bolt from the blue, when he was suddenly called upon to lecture on naval history and tactics at the newly created Naval College.

Captain Puleston's most important individual contribution is to show in detail how, during those two dreary decades after the end of the American Civil War, until the call came that set him upon the path of fame, Mahan, while outwardly according to his own words "drifting on the lines of simple respectability as aimless as one very well could" was consciously and subconsciously meditating and evolving his theory.

The author rightly lays stress on Mahan's "minor writings," the series of essays, which Mahan wrote for various leading British and American periodicals, subsequently collected from time to time in book form. Coming after his great historical studies, which had founded his fame, these small, unpretentious articles, written according to the dictates of the day and of a pecuniary necessity, pathetically revealed in Captain Puleston's narrative, have so far been almost completely neglected even by close students of Mahan; yet in them his peculiar genius was able to express itself better than in the more ponderous books. Nothing is more impressive than the astonishing breadth of interests and vision revealed in these miscellaneous writings, extensively and most ably summarized by the author.

Looking back, after fifty years, it is surprising to see how brilliantly Mahan, in spite of occasional errors, diagnosed the great issues of his day and how fresh and challenging his ideas on war and peace still sound.

HERBERT ROSINSKI.

COUNTRY RELICS, by H. J. Massingham. *Cambridge University Press*. 15s.

OXFORD, by Christopher Hobhouse. *Batsford*. 8s. 6d.

LONDON FABRIC, by James Pope-Hennessy. *Batsford*. 10s. 6d.

"There is something dream-like about every craftsman's work," says Mr. Massingham: "there are presences about like himself and he is never alone." In other words, he is a creator: not so much with his brain as with his hands. "These men hope in their hands", as Ecclesiasticus expresses it; and though they are not to be found in high places, yet "they will maintain the state of the world".

It is true that just now their dignity is in eclipse. In every village their numbers have dwindled to a poverty-stricken minimum; and their children, who should have learned from them, have all gone into the towns. But "mechanization is properly applicable only to big farms," says Mr. Massingham, "and big farms are an unprofitable relic of the past": so the future may be with the craftsman and his hands after all. Or again: "My 'Bygones' might easily become the ambition of the future if the supply of petrol promised to give out". But what if the invincible scientist should have discovered by then another basis of power? Of course the conventional reply to any criticism of the debacle into which the machine has precipitated us is "We shall learn to control it". But does this not imply a faith in human nature at present quite unjustifiable? Or may it be that this self-discipline is one of the phoenix-flames that will rise from the present ashes?

Certain it is, anyway, that those

craftsmen, hoping in their hands, were the salt of the world; and Mr. Massingham is doing the greatest service in saving some of their tools and properties from destruction by giving them an almshouse in his garden Hermitage. His precise qualification here is his lack of sentimentality. The descriptions with which he has accompanied Mr. Hennell's sensitive drawings of the Hermitage's contents (ranging from Long Plough to thatcher's tackle, from Latten bells to lace-maker's outfit) are so exactly informative that a factory-hand might almost learn from them how to get back their use into his hands. Then, too, Mr. Massingham has not only, in his Hermitage, saved these tools and implements from destruction, he has also, in his book saved from oblivion hundreds of the local names that accompanied both them and their uses. Merely for its compilation of facts, *Country Relics* would be extraordinary (an invaluable reference book for all time), but it goes much farther: it includes a gallery of fine portraits of some of the old craftsmen who still survive and it gives, in their own words, the secret of that service whereby they supplied the community with exactly what it needed and in the best possible taste.

Mr. Massingham's hope is (briefly stated) in a return to small farms and apprenticeship; and if ever that future should thereby include men who again "hope in their hands" no small measure of gratitude will be due to such writers as he. Finally, a word of congratulation ought not to be omitted for the publisher, who has had the imagination to let Mr. Hennell (of "Change in the Farm") do the drawings.

There are plenty of facts, also, in Mr. Hobhouse's *Oxford* and Mr. Pope-Hennessy's *London Fabric*; and the books are full of excellent prints, plans and photographs. Mr. Hobhouse's method is to take every phase of Oxford's history (Mediæval, Renaissance, Reformation, etc.) and give it to us in complementary panels: as it was, as it is. Mr. Pope-Hennessy's method, on the other hand, is to conduct a feminine companion (*Perdita*) around the sights of London and combine instruction with wit and whim. Both methods are at least novel and lend themselves well to their respective author's attitudes, the one slightly donnish, the other slightly mannered. Both authors have their pronounced preferences: Mr. Hobhouse, for instance, dislikes Hindu undergraduates of the "minor lawyer class", proctors, leftists and women undergraduates ("docile and literal, they continue to flock to every lecture with mediæval zeal"), whilst Mr. Pope-Hennessy has a melancholy penchant for crypts. Both, in fact, have an original angle of approach and are the more readable for that.

C. HENRY WARREN.

LET THE PEOPLE SING, by J. B.

Priestley. *Heinemann*. 8s. 6d.

MY AMERICAN, by Stella Gibbons.

Longmans. 8s. 6d.

BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON, by

Robert Neumann. *Dent*. 8s.

THE BLAZE OF NOON, by Rayner

Heppenstall. *Secker & Warburg*. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Priestley's recent novel is in the vein of *The Good Companions*. The formula is similar, a collection of warm-hearted characters down on their luck and uniting to fight against unscrupulous opponents. There is the same seedy

theatrical flavour, and the name of the hero, Timmy Tiverton, seems to echo that of Jerry Jernyngham. Mr. Priestley's theory that We Have Been Here Before has never been better exemplified. Virtue triumphs once more, after another theatre riot; the show goes on, the people sing, and it is hinted that democracy has overthrown fascism. The characters include some bright young things and some stuffy old ones who appear to have strayed from the works of P. G. Wodehouse, and there is a sublimely bogus Professor in the routine Hollywood manner.

Miss Gibbons's *My American* is an equally trite romance, written more earnestly and seriously, and without the consolation of Mr. Priestley's extravagant absurdities. This is neither truth nor fairy-tale, but a stale compromise between the worst elements of each. It is, in other words, the usual romantic novel of the more competent sort in which the tedium of the action is relieved by the verisimilitude of secondary detail. The orphan heroine is cared for by a baker's family, finds employment in the office of a boys' paper, and becomes a successful novelist. Her destined hero, her American, grows up meanwhile in alternate chapters, until the heroine goes to America and the two stories are joined together. The background of London life, journalism, lecture tours and so forth is moderately entertaining in a garrulous way, but the major characters are no more than vague outlines in a general fog.

Mr. Robert Neumann in *By The Waters Of Babylon* also uses a familiar formula—the group of people brought together by chance—but his characters are neither grotesque nor unsubstantial. They are a party of Jews, brilliantly

portrayed, trying to enter Palestine; and in a series of compact characterizations Mr. Neumann records the individual pilgrimage which brings each one to his place in the group. This is a cross-section of Jewish life, an epitome of the variety of Jewish types, written with a remarkably objective sympathy. The essentials of a character are concentrated into twenty or thirty pages, and a credible person stands intimately revealed before us. Mr. Neumann winds the many threads of a world-wide story into the little pattern of a few lives, almost free alike of reproach and of extenuation. When he describes atrocities he borrows the broad irony of Voltaire's 'It pleased God to send the Bulgarians to our castle'. When the reforming Jew is sidetracked, it is by other Jews. Mr. Neumann has the ironical stoicism, the stoicism free from apathy, of the humorous philosopher. *By The Waters Of Babylon* is not so much a novel as a comprehensive documentary of the modern Jew, panoramic in its scope, shrewdly observed, swift and dramatic in its changing fortunes, sardonic and poignant by turns, and constantly lit by a deeply civilized understanding and a finely poised sympathy.

The Blaze of Noon (which has an enthusiastic preface by Elizabeth Bowen) is a first novel, written in the first person of a blind *masseur*. The subject is a love-affair between the narrator and a somewhat indistinct heroine, both of them acutely sensitive to the fine shades and undertones of mood and feeling. Isolated from the obligations and hindrances of the external world, and—in the case of the narrator—cut off from the visible world altogether, the two characters become

completely preoccupied with themselves in the 'courtly' tradition which renders sexual love an end in itself, an exercise in nice discriminations and self-possessed artistry. As characters they rank somewhere between the story tellers of the *Decameron* and the engaging marionettes of *Chin P'ing Mei*: no more than useful illustrations in Mr. Heppenstall's disquisition upon the art and nature of the Erotic. The hero tends to remain a pontifical voice detailing an analysis; the heroine has virtually no existence except as a lover. That perhaps is a necessary limitation for Mr. Heppenstall's purpose, but it does prevent the plot from acquiring that density and momentum which it would gain from being rooted in a wider field of circumstance.

DESMOND HAWKINS.

WE SAW HIM ACT. A series of essays collected and collated by H. A. Saintsbury. *Hurst & Blackett. 21s.*

At a time when the greatest glory of the English stage, its tragic side, is apparently buried in a dreamless sleep, it is good to be reminded by this book of Irving and his Lyceum, in that decade which has been so absurdly called "The Naughty Nineties", and of the excitement which his acting caused.

This book brings it all back as if it were yesterday. It was my good fortune also to be a playgoer in those days, and I still remember, as if from yesterday, the crush in the long passage that led from the Strand to the pit doors, the hush of anticipation amid which the curtain rose, and the long roar of applause to which it usually fell, the unforgettable face and voice of the actor, the Burne-Jonesian beauty

of Ellen Terry, the crowd three deep standing all round the pit, and my Father saying to my Mother, as we stepped into a cab after the first night of Irving's 'Richard III.': "He is better than Macready."

Mr. Saintsbury has had the happy idea of calling upon a number of his professional brethren for their memories of the great man, and the result is a book hard to lay aside. With its portraits from the hands of such artists as Sir Bernard Partridge, Phil May, and other masters of black and white, the whole story seems to come to life, and even a reader who never saw Irving should have no difficulty in catching something of the thrill.

That period was one in which both the European and the American stage were particularly rich in tragedians, and they all flourished in London, where large and excited audiences gathered to enjoy and applaud Sarah Bernhardt, Edwin Booth, and Adelaide Ristori. The peak of the period was reached when Irving and Booth alternated the parts of Othello and Iago at the Lyceum. Irving's Iago was one of the most grimly fascinating of all his performances, and he certainly never looked handsomer than in the suit of crimson velvet which he wore for the part.

All the previous records of the Lyceum box-office were put into the shade. The daily and illustrated papers rose nobly to the occasion, and one can still catch all the excitement of the time from their records in pen and pencil. The scenes outside the theatre every evening as the audience were assembling, or departing, also made their appeal to the black-and-white artist, and although those who lived through it took it all calmly, as

in the natural order, we who can now look back upon it know how very fortunate we were, and are, to have seen—and to remember.

H. M. WALBROOK.

CALLING FOR A SPADE, by Richard Church. *Dent.* 7s. 6d.

Sharing Mr. Church's adventures in buying and re-inhabiting an Essex cottage is the next best thing to owning the cottage oneself. For those who do not care for organ notes and starlings in the chimney, to say nothing of mice in the bedroom and water which must be fetched from the bottom of the garden, it may even be a better thing, although it is not always advisable to admit it. Mr. Church has the lightness of touch which illuminates every incident, and the homely warmth of the book is not the least of its attractions.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, O.M. : It falls to few to make their presence felt in more than one sphere of life but Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, who has been Warden of New College, Oxford, since 1925 enjoys renown in half-a-dozen different ways. Celebrated as a scholar and a historian, he turned his attention to politics during the last war when he became M.P. for the Hallam Division of Sheffield; he was President of the Board of Education from 1916 to 1922 and among other things was President of the British Academy from 1928-32, Trustee of the British Museum and until the present war a Governor of the B.B.C. His famous *A History of Europe* published originally in three volumes was brought out in 1935 at the age of seventy. His article which we are publishing in the February and March issues of THE FORTNIGHTLY is of the utmost importance.

Hugh Quigley : Chief Statistical Officer of the Central Electricity Board, Mr. Quigley had a distinguished University career and served in the last war. Since that time he has devoted his attention to economic problems and he has written a number of books both on economic and other subjects. He has a fine knowledge of foreign languages and wide interests.

Helen Simpson : Like one or two other writers of distinction Miss Simpson has been turning her attention more and more towards the problems, particularly

the social problems, of our time. A Parliamentary candidate in the Liberal interest she has a first-class ability to express her point of view, and her recent broadcast "A Woman Looks Round" was declared by many to be the best talk since the outbreak of war. She still finds time, however, to write novels and to indulge in her hobby of cooking.

Lloyd Smith : Even THE FORTNIGHTLY had not heard of Mr. Lloyd Smith before his story was submitted for publication. A very young author—he is 22—his style displays an unusual maturity and as his story suggests he has lived on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean.

Betty Barzin : Living as she does in Brussels, Miss Barzin has excellent opportunities at the moment for studying reactions in a much talked of spot in Europe. She is a keen observer of all that goes on and if events have left her behind by the time her article appears in this issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY, that is due to the time lag in publishing. Miss Barzin is the wife of the professor of logic at Brussels University and was at one time Acting Press Attaché at the British Embassy.

Notes on our contributors Mr. H. G. Wells, Dr. W. R. Inge, Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond, General Sir Charles Gwynn, Air-Commodore L. E. O. Charlton, and Mr. Stephen Gwynn appeared in recent issues.